

The Daily Mirror

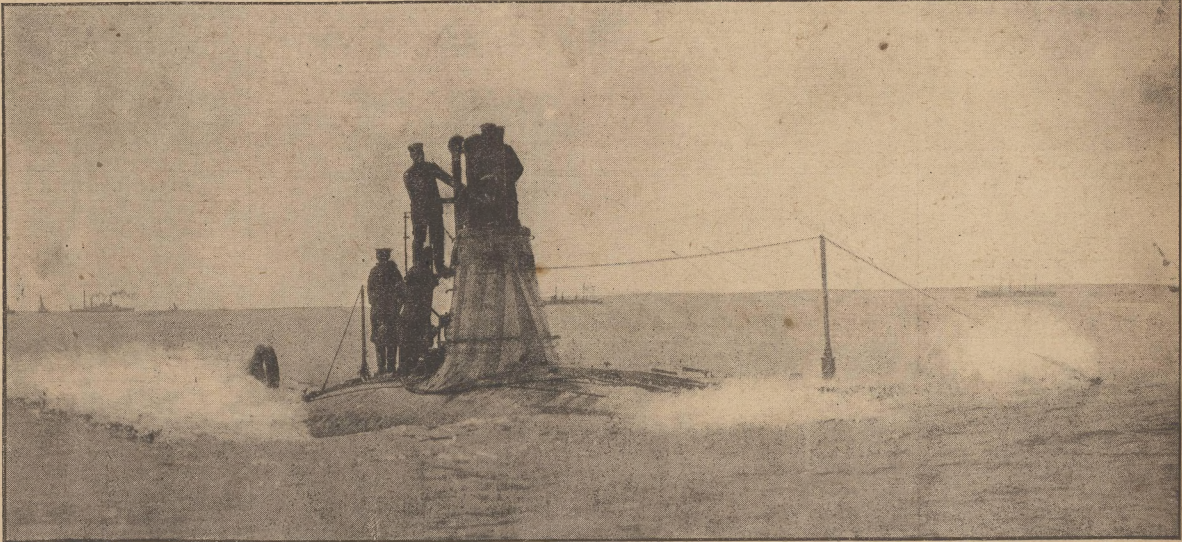
No. 404.

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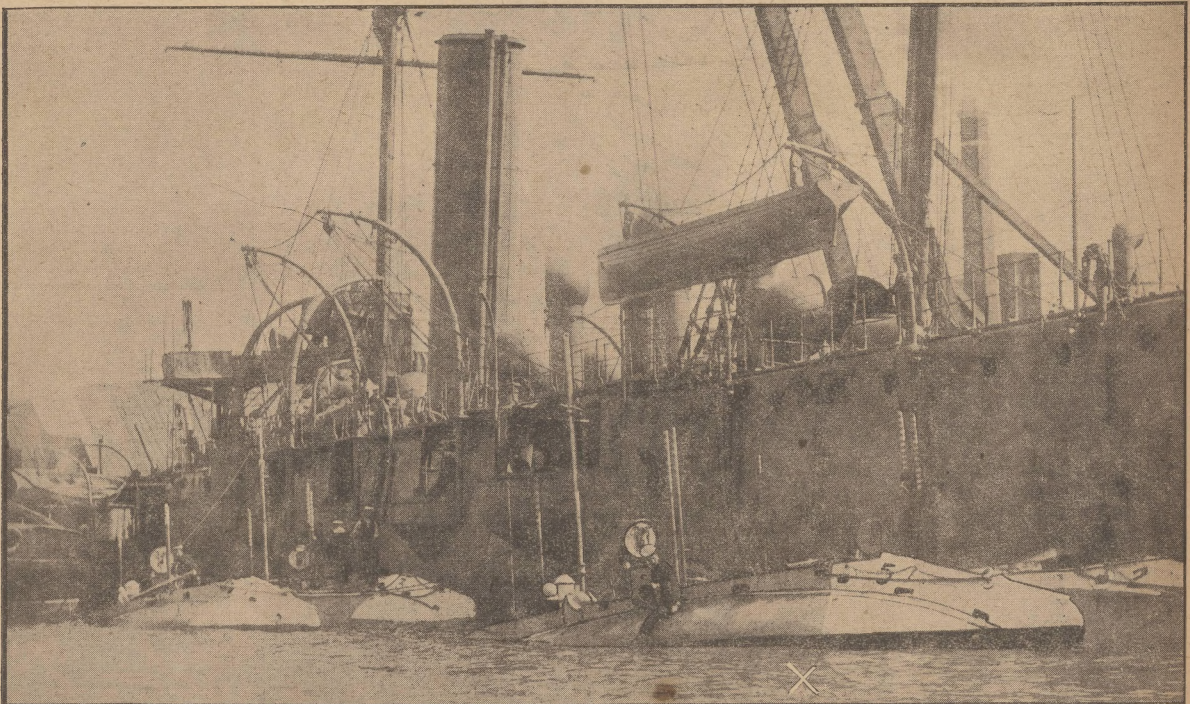
FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

FATAL SUBMARINE EXPLOSION AT QUEENSTOWN YESTERDAY.



H.M. submarine A5, on board which a disastrous explosion occurred yesterday at Queenstown. Sub-Lieutenant Skinner and several of the crew were killed and many injured. The boat had only just arrived from Barrow, and was to have commenced manœuvring yesterday. The A5 is the largest of our completed submarines, being 150ft. long and 250 tons displacement.—(Cribb.)



The + in this photograph indicates the A5 lying alongside H.M. torpedo-gunboat Hazard. When the explosion occurred on board the A5 the Hazard, the mother vessel of the submarine flotilla, signalled to shore for doctors and assistants. Directly the rescuing party reached the A5 a second explosion occurred, and many of the rescuers were injured.—(Cribb.)

THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

DALY'S THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS.—EVERY EVENING, 8.15, the new Musical Play, entitled *THE CONCEALED MATINEE* EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. Mr. TREE. TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15. Shakespeare's *Comedies*. *MUCHO NOISE ABOUT NOTHING*. Benedick.....Mr. TREE. Beatrice.....Miss WINIFRED EMERY. (Of arrangement with Messrs. Harrison and Maudslayi) *MATINEE* EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15. Box-office (Mr. Watts, open 10 to 10).

IMPERIAL. Mr. LEWIS WALLER. TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15. *KING HENRY THE FIFTH*. *MATINEE* EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15. Box-office (Mr. Watts, open 10 to 10).

ST. JAMES'S.—Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER. Sole Lessee and Manager. TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8 punctually, a new and original comedy by Alfred Stieglitz, entitled *MOLLIENKATON ON WOMEN*. At 8.30. *THE MAKER OF MARRIAGES*. *MATINEE* (both plays) TO-MORROW (Saturday) and every Wednesday and Saturday at 2.15.

MR. ROBERT ARTHUR'S LONDON THEATRES. **KENNINGTON THEATRE.**—Tel. 1006 Hop. TO-NIGHT, at 7.45, CHARLEY AND THE TO-MORROW. *PERFORMANCE*, at 3.15, by the ELIZABETHAN STAGE SOCIETY, of the *REMARKABLE CASE OF THE NEXT WEEK*, Feb. 20th, return visit of Mr. George Edwards's company, in the Second Edition of the successful musical play.

THE ORCHID. From the Gaiety Theatre. Mr. George Gregory. Miss Rita Everard. Mr. Charles Brown. Miss Gertrude Hayward. Mr. Donald Hall. Miss Gertrude Gilliam. Mr. Ellis Ogilvie. Miss Amy Payne. Mr. W. Coleman. Miss Ethel Griffiths. Mr. Clifford Seyler. Miss Katie Leechman. *MATINEE* THURSDAY, at 2.30. Box-office, 10 to 10.

CORONET THEATRE, W.—Tel. 1273 Kens. TO-NIGHT, at 8. Mr. Charles Frohman and Mr. Arthur Chumley present *THE CRANKY CRANKIE*. NEXT WEEK, Mr. F. R. BENSON'S REPERTOIRE SEASON, Feb. 20th to March 18th.

CANDIDEN THEATRE, N.W.—Tel. 338 K.C. TO-NIGHT, at 8. *MATINEE*, SATURDAY, 2.30. Mr. MARTIN HARVEY and full West End Co. *THE ONLY WAY*. NEXT WEEK, the Musical Comedy, *KITTY GREY*, from the Apollo Theatre. *Extraordinary*. **CROWN THEATRE, Peckham.**—Tel. 412 Hop. TO-NIGHT, at 7.30. *MATINEE*, SATURDAY, 2. LAST THREE PERFORMANCES OF ALADDIN. Tonight special attraction. Grand complimentary benefit to Miss SEMITA MARSDEN (Aladdin).

When most of the biggest stars will appear. **MONDAY** next, the Musical Play, *PEGGY MACHREE*. The entire company from Wyndham's Theatre, including Mr. DENIS O'BRIEN and Miss MARIE DAINTON. **FULHAM THEATRE, S.W.**—Tel. 376 Kens. TO-NIGHT, at 8. The new Musical Play, *PEGGY MACHREE*. NEXT WEEK, *CHARLEY AND THE TO-MORROW*. This company, including Mr. BRANDON THOMAS, Hall West End prices at all Theatres.

COLISEUM—Charing Cross. Programme at 12 NOON and 6 P.M. **PORT ARTHUR.**—Grand War Spectacle, with wonderful effects on revolving stage. *JOHN RUSSELL* in new scenes. *THE DANCE OF THE 1000 VEHLS* with radiance and an illumination. Grand choral and orchestral. *THE HILLMAN FISHWIFE*—MISS DECIMA MOORE and Pipers. Song Scene, *GOLLYWOGS*—Will Bishop and dancers, a charming children's number. New picture songs and varieties.

COLISEUM—Charing Cross. Programme at 3 P.M. and 9 P.M. The Prima Donna, *MADAME ALICE ESTY* in grand scene from *L. TROVATORE*. Scene, *MY LITTLE RIVIERA*. *PEARL*—EUGENE STADAMER and sixteen dancers. *MISS HILTON* in new scene. *THE MERRY TARTARUS*. New song scene *EXTRAVAGANZA*—Mr. C. Piddock and chorus. Scene, *GOODBYE, LITTLE GIRL* and *THE WITCHES*—MISS MADAME LESSING. Sketch, *OLD TURPIN*—R. A. ROBERTS, with dramatic finale. High-class variety. Prices 6d., 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s. Boxes 1 and 2 Guineas. All seats may be booked in advance.

THE LYCEUM, Strand. Twice Nightly. PLEASE NOTE TIMES HAVE REVERTED TO 6.30 and 8.

MATINEES WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS at 2.30. Selection from *L. TROVATORE* by the *THE LYCEUM OPERATIC COMPANY*. Al. Lawrence, Pickard Troupe, The Oltanese, Edward F. Reynard, Almaton, Walton and Miss Ella, Thos. E. Finglas, Norman French, Animated Picture, The Harmon, Fennell, Browning and Wally, Stalls and Motor Scene. Box-office open 10 to 10. Prices: Stalls 3s., Circle 2s., Pit Stalls 1s. All former can be booked. Amphitheatre 6d., Gallery 3d., children half-price. TO ALL PARTS ALL PERFORMANCES. **THOMAS BARRASFOORD**, Managing Director.

TORREY-ALEXANDER MISSION.

Royal Albert Hall,
Meetings Daily, 3.30 and 8 p.m.

No Meetings on Mondays.

MEETINGS FOR CITY MEN

IN
Great Hall, Cannon Street Hotel,
ON
February 21, 22, 23, 24, 28;
March 1, 2, 3.
1.15 to 2 p.m.

NO TICKETS REQUIRED.

AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, Etc.

CRYSTAL PALACE. TO-DAY. Concert at 6.0 (free). **COUNTRY MOUSE** in Theatre, at 8.0. **NUMERUS OTHER ATTRACTIONS.**

ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS. "THE HENGLERS." R. OXFORD CIRCUS. W. Over 200 Acting and Performing Animals. Daily, at 8 and 8.15. 1s. to 5s.; children half-price. Box-office 10 to 10. Tel. 4138 Ger.

PERSONAL.

FIDELITE.—Received everything.—**CANDY.**—Try sugar for the bird.—**GO HOME** and stay there.—**WALKER.** **GARCON.**—Remember what happened to Dainton.—**MADEMOISELLE.** **GANDY.**—If this meets the eye of George Arthur Gandy, last heard of, of Galahiel, will he write to Harry, still at the old home? **MISSING.**—Should this reach the eye of anyone who wishes to reach a friend or relative, who has disappeared abroad, in the Colonies, or in the United States, let him advertise in the *Over-Sea Daily Mail*, which reaches every town in the world where any English-speaking person is to be found. Specimen copy and terms on application to Advertising Department, "Over-Sea Daily Mail," 3, Carnarvon House, Temple, London, E.C.

*. The above advertisements are received up to 4 p.m. and are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d., and 1d. per word afterwards. They are brought to the notice of or sent by post with postal order. Trade advertisements in Personals Column, eight words for 4s., and 6d. per word after.—Address, Advertising Manager, Mirror, 12, Whitefriars-st., London.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Domestic. **GENERAL**, disengaged (20); 19 months' reference.—8, Esher-d, New Ferry, Cheshire.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

Domestic. **COMPANION** Help wanted; servant kept; comfortable home.—45, Highfield-rd, Doncaster.

WIDOWER requires the services (in a month's time) of a frugal, industrious woman, about 40, to do the work of home and take charge of 3 boys (youngest 10 years); plain cooking and needlework; not less than 2 years' references.—Write 1736, "Daily Mirror," 12, Whitefriars-st., E.C.

Miscellaneous.

AGENTS Wanted.—£25 made monthly handling my celest. "A" brand "Dry Powder Fire Extinguisher"; latest equipment, Leicester Corporation; far superior to liquid.—Fyre Dept., Netherhall, Doncaster.

AMBITIOUS Men anxious to get on should at once join The School of Motoring; prospectus and testimonials by return; enclose 20 stamps.—16, 20, Berry-st., Liverpool.

ENERGETIC Man, of good appearance, wanted to solicit business for well-established firm; special terms to capable man.—Write H. 1737, "Daily Mirror," 12, Whitefriars-st., E.C.

WOMEN for Canada (also families) welcomed on Salvation Army Temperance Ship; April next; 1,000 passengers; second and third class; work plentiful.—Colonial Lamb, 101, Queen Victoria-st., E.C.

55 PER WEEK earned by advertisement writers; you can learn quickly, and we help you to a position; illustrated prospectus free.—Fayehay Advertising School (Dept. 109), 195, Oxford-st., London, W.

MARKETING BY POST.

FISH: fresh; 6lb. 2s., 9lb. 2s., 6d., 11lb. 3s., 14lb. 3s., 6d., 21lb. 6s.; carriage paid; dressed for cooking; salted; delivery; choicest selection; write for free catalogue; principals of schools, institutions, etc., should note; cured finest quality.—S. Fish Co., Grimsby. Quota 1905-2.

FISH: fresh and cured, direct from the fishing boats to the consumer; 6lb. 2s., 9lb. 2s., 6d., 11lb. 3s., 14lb. 3s., 6d., 21lb. 6s.; carriage paid; cleaned for cooking; splendid assortment; write for free catalogue; public institutions and schools supplied.—Full particulars and price list free, Standard Fish Co., Grimsby. Quota 1905-2.

FISH: fresh caught; assorted; or one kind; 4lb. 1s. 6d., 6lb. 2s., 9lb. 2s., 6d., 12lb. and upwards 3s. per lb.; carefully cleaned; carriage paid; price list free; trade supplied.—Rock Fish Co., Grimsby. Quota 1905-2.

FISH:—The Neptune Fish Supply Co., Grimsby, supplies basses of choice Live Fish (carriage paid), cleaned for cooking; 6lb. 2s., 9lb. 2s., 6d., 11lb. 3s., 14lb. 3s., 6d., 21lb. 6s.; satisfaction guaranteed; to secure repeat orders; list free.

POTATOES, good cookers; free on rail; Reading; 3s. 9d. 12lb. bag included; 62s. 6d. ton.—Noble, Potato Salesman, Reading.

POULTRY AT LOWEST SMITHFIELD PRICES.—Two large Chickens, 4s.; 2 specially fatted, 4s. 6d.; 2 extra large ditto, 5s.; 1st Turkey, 5s. 6d.; 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 101st, 102nd, 103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, 109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122nd, 123rd, 124th, 125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132nd, 133rd, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 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DISASTER TO A SUBMARINE.

**Terrific Explosion in Harbour
at Queenstown.**

HEAVY DEATH-TOLL

**Crew Blown Into the Air and
Shockingly Mutilated.**

TERRIBLE SCENE.

A shocking explosion of gasoline occurred on a submarine boat in Queenstown Harbour yesterday afternoon, killing four of the crew and seriously injuring the other seven.

It was followed by a second explosion, by which several members of a rescue party from H.M. gunboat Hazard, which was moored alongside, sustained more or less serious injuries.

The submarine in question was the A5, the largest and most modern completed submarine boat in the service.

At noon yesterday a lecture was to have been given by Captain Hall, of the Hazard, on the use of the submarine in war time, and the boat was to have been submerged afterwards.

The officers and men of the A5 were engaged in charging the tanks with gasoline, which provides the motive power of these vessels, when the explosion took place.

It is surmised that the vapour from the fuel became ignited through the aperture.

The effect of the explosion was terrible. Some men were blown into the air, and the rest hurled in all directions.

The injuries suffered by some of them were fearful. Men were found with portions of their heads blown away, or with limbs torn from their bodies. One poor fellow had a gaping hole in his abdomen.

HEARD FOR MILES AROUND.

The report of the explosion was so loud that it was heard for miles around. When the smoke cleared away it was at once seen from the Hazard that the shattered vessel was on fire.

A rescue party was dispatched with all haste, and a tug signalled to tow the A5 to the beach.

Immediately upon the arrival of the rescue party on board the wrecked submarine, a second explosion of gasoline took place. This caused a panic among the injured men, whose cries for help were piteous in the extreme. It also incapacitated four of the rescuers.

Fire suits were then supplied to the rescuing party, whose numbers were further supplemented. In spite of the fire raging on the boat, they recovered every member of the crew but one.

This was Chief Engineer-Artificer Sinden, of whom no trace could be found. There is only too good reason for believing that he has perished.

Lieutenant Good, who commanded the submarine, had sustained very serious injuries, and is now in a critical condition. If he recovers it is feared that he will remain permanently blind.

Sub-Lieutenant Skinner, who was to have received promotion as full lieutenant to-day, was dead, as were two stokers.

KILLED AND INJURED.

KILLED.

Sub-Lieutenant H. C. Skinner.

Leading Stoker Goldthorpe.

Stoker Davies.

Artificer Sinden (missing).

INJURED.

Lieutenant Good (seriously).

Petty-Officer Manley (seriously).

A.B. Hughes (seriously).

A.B. Bankman (seriously).

A.B. Pryor (seriously).

A.B. Banham (slightly).

Stoker Winsley (slightly).

Artificer Randall (slightly).

Stokers Brady, Maw, and Mason, and A.B. Flack, of the Hazard, were also slightly injured.

THE DAMAGED BOAT.

Submarine A5 is not, as was widely announced in the evening Press, a sister to the ill-fated A1, which was lost last March, but is a much larger vessel, and embodies many improvements over the earlier boat.

She is the largest of our completed submarines, being 150ft. long and of 250 tons displacement, compared with the 100ft. and 200 tons of the A1.

Her surface speed is 16-18 knots, provided by gasoline engines, on the surface, and 8 knots submerged, when electricity is the motive power.

Two torpedo-tubes and three torpedoes are carried, and enough fuel is stored for a journey of 500 miles. She was built at Barrow.

An interesting article on the subject of submarines appears on page 11.

MOVED TO TEARS.

**Stoessel's Affecting Farewell to French
Fellow-passengers.**

PARIS, Thursday.—The "Journal" contains the following telegram of yesterday's date from Port Said:—

"At four o'clock this morning the Australian was steaming into Port Said. General Stoessel had his head encircled by a black band, his slight head wound having, perhaps, become worse.

"Standing at the gangway General and Mme. Stoessel said good-bye to the passengers, and a magnificent bouquet was presented to Mme. Stoessel by a delegation of the French residents. In returning thanks, Mme. Stoessel spoke in a muffled voice broken with sobs. Everybody was much affected.

"All the ships in the harbour were dressed except the British ships. The St. Nicholas steamed off amid an ovation from the passengers on the Australian."

BLOCKADE RUNNING.

**Mysterious Ship Leaves England with Vast
Stores of Food for Vladivostok.**

Considerable mystery surrounds the vessel Regina—better known as the Roslin Castle—which used to carry the South African mails, but which left Gravesend yesterday for the port of Tsingtau, in China, flying the German flag.

It is suggested that the boat is intended for the starving Russian army.

A visit was paid to the boat by the *Daily Mirror* just as she was about to start.

A German crew which had replaced British sailors were busy loading the cargo, which was to have included 4,000 sides of fresh meat, 1,000 barrels of salt meat, 2,000 cases of butter, 500 bales of serge, and 100 puncheons of rum.

The Clan Macpherson, of the Clan Line, yesterday changed hands, and is now the property of a German firm.

In view of these incidents the words used by Sir Alfred Jones at the Constitutional Club seem somewhat significant.

"I must not sell my ships to Russia," he observed. "I may, however, sell them to Germany, and she may sell them to Russia."

RUNAWAY PRINCE.

**Shipped as a Lascar Sailor in Order
To See England.**

Among the lascar crew of a steamer which arrived in the Clyde the other day was a young fellow who, from foreign adjectives received in Glasgow, was identified as the son of a Burmese prince.

His story is that, having a longing to see Great Britain, he ran away from school, and shipped as a lascar.

On instructions received from his father the prince, the adventurous lad, now attired in European clothes of the latest fashion, will return as a first-class passenger on board the vessel upon which he came to this country.

FIGHT FOR BABY PRINCESS.

**Italian Government Will Not Permit Any
Act of Violence.**

PARIS, Thursday.—"We are informed (says the 'Gil Blas' to-day) that the Countess Montignoso will keep her child until further orders.

"The Italian Government has told the Princess that it will permit no act of violence on the part of the King of Saxony's agents for the purpose of taking the Princess Monica away from her, and the Italian authorities will arrest any person attempting to seize the child by force.

"The King of Saxony," adds the paper, "is said to have applied personally to King Victor Emmanuel, who refused to interfere in the affair."

—Reuter.

THE KING'S NEPHEW BETROTHED.

COBURG, Thursday.—The betrothal is announced of Duke Charles Edward of Saxe-Coburg, King Edward's nephew, to Princess Victoria Adelaide, eldest daughter of Duke Frederick Ferdinand of Schleswig-Holstein. Sonderburg-Gluecksburg. —Reuter.

ONE OF THE "THIRTY PIECES."

NEW YORK, Thursday.—A woman has been arrested in New York upon a charge of stealing fifty or sixty old coins valued at £12,000.

One of these coins, it is claimed, is a "Judas shekel," having been one of the thirty pieces of silver for which Christ was betrayed. One of the Rothschild family once offered £4,500 for this coin. —Laffan.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND DISSOLUTION.

**"The Sooner the Better" for the
Fiscal Policy.**

STRIKING DEBATE.

**Brilliant Speech by Lord Hugh Cecil
Missionary to the Fiscal Party.**

DIARY OF AN M.P.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Thursday Night.—It was a small House that Mr. Chamberlain rose to address at a little after three o'clock this afternoon.

It has always been the habit of the member for West Birmingham to take part in an important debate before dinner, and this had no doubt something to do with his early intervention. He believes himself that he is invariably in better form at an early period of the sitting, and to-day he appeared to me to be in every respect as intellectually keen and vigorous as I have ever heard him.

No one would ever accuse Mr. Chamberlain of being nervous, but he was nearer it to-day than I have ever seen him.

Throughout the speech was delivered in his very best style, his points against his opponents being taken with great skill and pressed home with unusual power. "I say the sooner a dissolution comes the better," was the most important sentence in the speech, and those who heard him can have no doubt that he fully means what he says.

For the moment, however, he denies the right of the Opposition to dictate to the Government.

AT ONE WITH MR. BALFOUR.

It is now clear, I fancy, that the Colonial Conference will form one of the principal dividing lines between parties when the controversy is removed from the House to the country.

The impression the speech gave me on the whole was that, despite his splendid defence of his position, Mr. Chamberlain is beginning to attach more importance than he has done hitherto to securing a common agreement between himself and the Prime Minister.

Lord Hugh Cecil, whom Greenwich constituents delight to worry, had been sitting below the gangway during Mr. Chamberlain's speech, obviously fidgeting, and nervously twisting his moustache and impatiently darting an eager eye in the direction of the Speaker.

At the instant Mr. Chamberlain concluded, Lord Hugh started to his feet, and at the same moment, Mr. Robson also rose, but the House evidently wanted to hear the member for Greenwich, and Mr. Robson gracefully gave way.

As an old Parliamentary hand, Mr. Chamberlain is one of the front rank in debate, but to-night Lord Hugh Cecil sprang into that rank with airy ease, and asserted his right to be regarded as one of the foremost debaters in the Chamber. Rapid and ready delivery, caustic humour, brilliant epigram, and lightning repartee characterised the speech of this daring and courageous scion of the house of Cecil.

LORD HUGH "NEVER A LIBERAL."

There was something almost pathetic in the reference he made to some members of the Government, who, he said, continued to draw emoluments from office whilst some of their most ardent supporters, who kept them in office, were being hounded from their constituencies merely for their loyalty to free trade principles.

Yet he would not join in the chorus for dissolution, which he more than once suggested was the real aim and desire of the member for West Birmingham. "Never will I cross the floor of this House and become a Liberal," represented the creed of Lord Hugh. He had every use for and every faith in the present Government on every conceivable topic but one, and that was the fiscal question. Upon that the Government failed him, and no words at his command were too strong for him to use in condemnation. Yet, in spite of that, they ought, he said, to continue in office.

POINTS FROM THE DEBATE.

**Mr. Chamberlain in Fighting Form—Lord
Hugh Cecil's Speech.**

Dissolution has no terrors for me, whatever its result, and if it comes in the ordinary constitutional way, the sooner it comes the better.

The speeches of importance made in the debate in the House of Commons last night by Lord Hugh Cecil, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and Mr. Balfour were really overshadowed by the sentence from Mr. Chamberlain's speech which we quote above.

Mr. Chamberlain spoke immediately after the meeting of the House, and it was his word which

was awaited by members. Mr. Asquith's motion—the subject of debate—asked that the Government should at once submit the fiscal question to the country—that in other words, the Ministry should commit suicide. What would Mr. Chamberlain say? He began by denying the right of the Opposition to dictate to the Government, but that, so far as he was concerned, "the sooner the dissolution came—if it came in the ordinary constitutional way—the better."

The rest of the speech and the speeches which followed were listened with great attention by crowded benches, but all the evening the thought dominant in the minds of members was that Mr. Chamberlain had declared himself ready for dissolution, and that he alone of all men in the House can bring it about when he pleases.

POINTS FROM THE SPEECH.

Some of Mr. Chamberlain's most notable points were:

He had said that there was no difference in principle between the Prime Minister and himself, although there was a difference in their methods and tactics.

Having carefully read the Prime Minister's speeches he could say there was not a single point of principle from which they differed. (Ministerial cheers and derisive Opposition cheers.)

"One defeat at an election will not deter me from pursuing the course I believe to be right."

"Mr. Cobden won his victory after many reverses."

"Tariff reform has the support of a great majority of a great party, and I look for recruits from the party of reason opposite."

"The Opposition proposal of a Colonial Conference from which the discussion of preferential taxation would be excluded would be an insult to the Colonies."

Waves of cheers and counter-cheers swept the Chamber during the hour that the ex-Colonial Secretary addressed the House.

OTHER SPEECHES.

A brilliant speech by Lord Hugh Cecil, who addressed the House for an hour from the corner seat below the gangway, followed.

His most interesting statement was the intimation that he intended to work for free trade within the ranks of the Tory Party.

After the dinner-hour Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman denounced the Government for its cowardice in refusing to consult the country on the fiscal question.

Mr. Balfour replied for the Government, refusing to play the game of the Opposition, and urging that there was much useful work to be accomplished by the present Parliament.

The debate on Mr. Asquith's motion that the fiscal question ought at once to be submitted to the country did not conclude until after midnight. At half-past twelve this morning the division was taking place, amid much excitement, and though the actual figures were not available at the moment when this edition went to press, the majority of forty-seven for the Government was anticipated.

WANTS WORK AT 107.

**Crimean Veteran Who Wishes to Die in the
Service of the Tsar.**

An applicant for employment at Odessa, who appeared before General Parelischin in boatswain's uniform, wearing a number of military medals, was found to be 107 years old.

He took part in the defence of Sebastopol, and was entitled to a pension, but flatly declined, says the "Odessa Listok," to go into a refuge. "I wish to die in service," he cried; "the refuge is for those who cannot work."

Promised a post in the Custom House, he has meanwhile entered the port Sailors' Home.

DINING IN WIGS.

**Ladies in Pansies and Roses, and Men in
Mephisto Masks.**

NEW YORK, Thursday.—All the women and most of the men in a company of eighty entertained to dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Orme Wilson, in New York, wore fancy headgear.

The hosts had "pansy" headdress of purple, deep violet, and yellow silk and velvet, elaborately embroidered with crystals, and a dress to correspond. Mrs. John Jacob Astor wore an auburn wig wreathed with pink roses. Another lady copied a Reynolds's portrait. The men mostly wore harlequin headdresses and Mephisto masks.

POLICEMAN'S WIFE AS BURGLAR.

A burglary at a house in Queensborough-gardens, Glasgow, has been brought home to the wife of a policeman named Clemart and another woman, both yesterday receiving four months' imprisonment.

The policeman has resigned his position in the force, and intends to emigrate. It was stated in court that during the burglary his wife's mind was a blank.

All social functions at Ottawa have had to be cancelled, owing to the illness of Countess Grey and her daughters, Ladies Evelyn and Sybil. The two younger ladies are suffering from measles.

ROMANCE OF LOVE AND DESPAIR.

Pathetic Letters Found on a Vicar's

Unhappy Son.

"TO YOU WHOM I LOVE."

As a train was drawing up in the Sloane-square station of the District Railway yesterday a well-dressed young man was seen by a signalman named Reuben Street to fling himself in front of the engine.

Street shouted to the driver not to move ahead, and a moment later the young man, who had fallen face downwards between the rails and miraculously escaped injury, emerged from between the tender and the first carriage.

He gave the name of Arthur Goodridge, and is believed to be a son of the vicar of St. Peter's, Great Yarmouth. He was at once handed over to an inspector, and later was charged with attempted suicide at Westminster Police Court, where two letters found upon him were read by the magistrate, Mr. Curtis Bennett.

The first, evidently addressed to Goodridge by a young lady, was as follows:—

"For God's sake, old boy, don't be so utterly despairing. You don't understand me one bit, I see. Can't you see what it means, our going out there (to Canada) absolutely penniless? Don't think I am tired of you already. If you really love me, as you say you do, surely you can think for me a little and not want to drag me down to certain misery."

What use should I be to you if I am very delicate, and cannot stand much roughing it. I am quite prepared to come to you as soon as you see a chance of keeping me. Surely the thought of working for me and preparing a home—if you really love me—is something to gladden and buoy you up with that which only love brings.

Think well before you act, and do not contemplate anything to bring more misery. We are worried enough as it is. Do not make more. Be my bright and hopeful lover. Pray, Arthur, earnestly for us both, and I will do my best to make you happy.

"I Must Die Mad, as I Have Lived."

The second letter, evidently a reply to the lady, ran:—

"Do not fool a fellow again. You have completely broken all my prospects. I cannot possibly live now. Other lives are at stake. I must die mad, as I have lived mad. It is the safest and most nearly correct version. I have told you everything of my past life and its arid and its jolly days. How can I be your bright and hopeful lover when you have promised and promised and now refuse to become my partner?"

The whole thing is unbearable. I shall try to do nothing desperate, but am afraid my reason left me at the time your love died. Whatever my poor dear parents and relatives think—in a bad and disgusted way—of their son Arthur, they cannot wish, and shall not see, me absolutely resigned to being fooled. Remember you follow closely on my flight, as you say you are not very strong. May your end be nearer peace than mine. Weep with those that weep, girl, and think of what I did and have been—out of what I am—and in that great darkness which I am compelled to enter there is a Light which will, which must, make allowances.

To you, whom I love with my last thought, and to all dear ones I explain my heart is broken. I was—Arthur."

Thoroughly dejected, Goodridge sat with his head in his hands while his brother, a clerk, stated that he knew of the love affair, but not of the letters. Arthur had been an absolute failure in life. "Quite right," said the accused.

The brother, in reply to the magistrate, said that extravagance and debt had caused Arthur's failure. He did not wish to mince matters.

Mr. Curtis Bennett remanded Arthur Goodridge for a week that a doctor might examine him. He said he would rather be with strangers than relations; a doctor should have seen him years ago.

AWAKENED TO DIE.

Jealousy Prompts an Elderly Man To Kill His Young Wife.

George Dunkin, an elderly night watchman, shot his young wife and then himself yesterday in their house in Stratford-street, East Ferry-road, Mill-wall.

The woman died instantaneously from wounds in the head and side. Dunkin is still alive, but little hopes are held out for his recovery.

Mrs. Dunkin, who was married amid cultured surroundings at Leicester, was a woman of considerable accomplishments. She had come as a housekeeper in a newspaper advertisement, and afterwards married her employer.

Dunkin, a very violent man when roused, was extremely jealous of her, and often ill-treated her. This week Mrs. Dunkin went to attend her mother's funeral at Leicester, but returned home on Wednesday in reply to an urgent message from one of her children.

Her husband was sleeping yesterday morning when her husband entered the room and, after a desperate struggle, put an end to her life.

At Waddesdon, a charming village in Buckinghamshire, one can still claim a free drink of new milk from a cow kept specially for the benefit of the thirty wayfarer.

HATS AT 7/6.

What Milliners Say on the Dictum of a Learned Judge.

By his dictum that 7s. 6d. is enough for any woman to pay for a hat, Judge Bacon has probably made an enemy for life of every woman in England, but a firm friend of every husband and father.

Yesterday the *Daily Mirror* went the round of various milliners' shops in the West End, and was everywhere received with scorn, when the question was put: "Can I buy a hat for 7s. 6d.?"

At Mr. Lewis's, the well-known "man-milliner's," salon in Regent-street, the *Daily Mirror* was informed that they seldom sold a hat under two guineas, and the idea of any sort of headgear for 7s. 6d. startled them.

A hat may cost anything from 90s. to ten guineas for a Parisian creation of the latest fashion. A hat adorned with one feather may cost five or six guineas, while another, composed entirely of flowers, and very large, may only be a couple of guineas.

Out of Fashion

Another milliner said, "Certainly, in sale time, you might buy a hat for 10s. 6d., but it would be out of fashion, or, if not that, faded, dirty, shop-soiled, or of so daring a shape or colour that it had failed to sell."

A lady well-known in society and noted for her smart dressing, said she never gave less than 38s. for a hat, but then they lasted. "Why, this very hat I have on," pointing to a dainty chapeau of mauve and black, "was new last year, and re-trimmed at the end of that winter; and this winter it has been done up no fewer than four times. It has done the work of six 7s. 6d. hats."

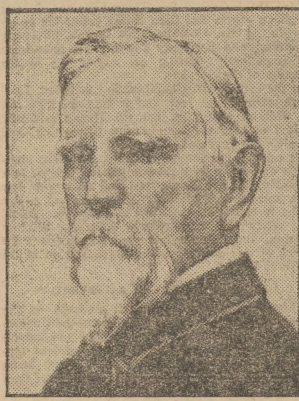
Even from the man's point of view, 9s. is an ordinary price for a bowler hat, and from 16s. to 21s. for a silk hat.

A lady in dispute with her dressmaker described her dresses amusingly at the Westminster Court yesterday.

One dress blew up when she walked and was so light that she was unable to sit down in it. The lining of another skirt was made of six pieces of four different colours. One of the dresses, when she got it, was like a sausage.

The plaintiff dressmaker won on some points, but the learned Judge made deductions from the accounts to meet the points contended by the defendant lady.

AUTHOR OF "BEN HUR" DEAD.



General Lew Wallace, author of "Ben Hur" and other famous books, who has just died in Arizona at the age of seventy-eight.

RAIN PROSPECTS.

Welcome Rainfall Expected Soon to End the Drought.

"Fortunately for England," said an official at the Meteorological Office to the *Daily Mirror*, "the glass is falling, and there is some likelihood of a spell of broken weather all over the country."

"The whole kingdom, excepting only the extreme north of Scotland, has suffered from the remarkable absence of rain. Many wells and reservoirs have run dry, and it has been quite common for people to have to fetch drinking water from places two miles from home."

For the last two months the rainfall has been nearly 3in. below the average. In the north of England only a quarter of the normal amount of rain has fallen, and in the south only a third.

Captain Percy Scott, of Terrible fame, has just been promoted to the rank of rear-admiral, and will at once take up his new appointment at the Admiralty as Director of Naval Gunnery.

CRITICISM BY WILL.

Jewish Philanthropist Attacks a System in Making Great

Bequests.

OPPOSED TO VOTES.

Mr. F. D. Mocatta's will, in which he bequeathes a large proportion of his gross estate of £136,548 4s. to a long list of charities, contains a forcible protest against the methods by which the inmates of many institutions are elected.

"I declare," reads the will, "that it was originally my intention to make bequests to many institutions, such as the Hospital for Incurables at Putney, and the Asylum for Incurables at Earlswood, and others. I am convinced, however, after much consideration and experience, that the system of electing those to be benefited by the institution by means of the votes of subscribers, instead of according to the merits of each case, as ascertained by careful investigation by the committees of the various institutions, is radically unsound and wrong, and frustrates the best aims of charity, and I have deemed it my duty not to leave legacies to any institution which adopts this system, and to dispose of the amount which would have been left to them in another manner."

On the death of Mrs. Mocatta the residue of the estate is to be divided equally between the Jewish Board of Guardians and the Charity Organisation Society.

"Unfulfilled Promises."

The following are the chief bequests which take effect immediately:—

£1,000 to the Jews' Hospital and Orphan Asylum (provided voting is abolished within ten years); £1,000 each to the Jewish Board of Guardians and the Anglo-Jewish Association (with £1,000 each further on Mrs. Mocatta's death); £1,000 (and £500 on Mrs. Mocatta's death) to the Home for Aged Jews; £500 (£4,000 further on Mrs. Mocatta's death) to the Charity Organisation Society and the London Hospital; £500 (with £500 further) to the Metropolitan Hospital and other institutions; £250 (and a further £250) to the R.S.P.C.A. and the Normal College for the Blind, among others.

There are a large number of further bequests of from £300 to £50, and he also sets aside £2,000 to satisfy any claims arising on account of unfulfilled promises to charities, not known to, or forgotten by, the testator, such claims to be made within five years of his death.

FAULTS OF THE VOTING SYSTEM.

An official of the Charity Organisation Society told the *Daily Mirror* that Mr. Mocatta has for some years advocated doing away with the beneficiary voting system.

"We take the same view," he said. "It entails great expense, and it frequently happens that the really necessary cases are passed over. It is the man or woman who has most friends who succeeds."

The London Orphan Asylum, though it uses the system, requires votes to be sent to the committee, and not given privately."

Mr. Mocatta was a strong supporter of the Charity Voting Reform Union.

CRY FOR MORE BISHOPS.

Proposal to Double Their Lordships' Numbers and Halve Their Incomes.

A motion in favour of largely increasing the number of English Bishops was yesterday passed by the House of Laymen of the Convocation of Canterbury.

Lord Hugh Cecil was to have moved the resolution, but, in his unavoidable absence, Mr. W. S. De Winton was the proposer.

There were thirty-seven Bishops in the time of Henry VIII., and, although the population of the country is now six times as large, the number is still thirty-seven.

Mr. Blagg, the seconder of the resolution, declared that the number of Bishops should be multiplied by two, and their incomes divided by two.

To know that the Bishop of London was spending £500 or £600 a year on garden-parties at Fulham Palace was not very palatable to a man who was earning 20s. or 25s. a week by hard work.

TWO SMART WEDDINGS.

Lady Ethel Keith-Falconer was yesterday married to Mr. John Baird, of Urie, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. There was a very distinguished gathering of people in the church and at the reception held by Lady Kintore in Cadogan-square.

At St. Margaret's, Westminster, Miss Barbara Ainsworth, daughter of the member for Argyll, was married to Major Algernon Skeffington, D.S.O., son of Lord Massereene and Ferrard.

There was a big reception afterwards in Grosvenor-gardens, before the bride and bridegroom started for a honeymoon in Ireland.

THE MYSTIC LIGHTS.

Seen by a Welsh Farmer on the Road Near Egryn Chapel.

The mysterious lights of Egryn still baffle all attempts at a satisfactory and convincing explanation.

Their existence was further corroborated to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday by an elderly farmer, who said that when he saw them he was not under the influence of any religious enthusiasm. He was thinking about his flocks.

"I was walking at dusk," he said, "on the road half a mile from Egryn Chapel, when suddenly on the side of the mountain, barely a mile away, appeared a band of fire, 2ft. wide and 9ft. high."

It seemed to rise out of the ground. As I gazed what looked like a pair of arms grew gradually out of the top of the light and raised in supplication. "Then, out of the ground some five yards away arose a similar band of fire with bandless arms, and this was followed by a third manifestation."

All three suddenly faded after about a minute and a half and could not possibly have been a trick of the imagination."

"Slump" in Amusements.

Meanwhile Bournemouth and the neighbourhood are in the throes of the revival. Each night all the chapels are filled with worshippers, public-houses are by no means so well filled as usual, and repetitions of many of the scenes associated with Mr. Evan Roberts are of constant occurrence.

One striking instance of how the people have lost their love for places of amusement is afforded by the experiences of a theatrical company which visited the town at the beginning of the present year.

They lost money at such an appalling rate that every one of them had to send home for funds to enable them to get away. One unfortunate member and his wife are still stranded there, the husband being actually forced to break stones for his living.

BRITISH LINER ASHORE.

Steamship Orizaba Likely To Become Total Wreck off Australian Coast.

The Pacific Steam Navigation Company's mail steamer Orizaba went ashore yesterday at Garden Island, seven miles from Freemantle, Western Australia, and it is feared she will become a total wreck.

The liner left London on January 13 with mails and passengers for Australia, and was due at Freemantle to-day.

According to cables received yesterday from Perth, W.A., it seems probable that the liner, through a thick haze, got out of her proper course by about twenty miles.

A boat from the stranded vessel conveyed the news to Rockingham, and H.M.S. Katomba will go to the rescue of the Orizaba early this morning.

The Orizaba, a steamer of 6,300 tons register, had been nineteen years in the Australian trade. Captain Archer is the commander.

Apparently no lives were lost, and the mails and baggage will probably be saved.

SKIFF MYSTERY.

Vigorous Search In and Along the Thames Still Fruitless.

There is an uneasy element about the mystery of the skiff found at Richmond on Tuesday morning with blood on the seat and skulls. Whatever happened must have taken place between 8.30 and nine o'clock.

"At 8.30," said Mr. George Messum, the owner of the skiff, to the *Daily Mirror*, "I went away from here, having just rowed across from the other side in the skiff."

"The place is always very deserted at that hour. When I came back, about half an hour later, there was a crowd of people looking at the skiff."

A local resident said he had actually got into the skiff before he noticed the blood and brains.

A vigorous police search continues in the river and along the banks.

With regard to the lady whose disappearance from Albemarle House has been reported by Dr. Thomas Chant, nothing more is known.

At the riverside inquiries have been made for a Miss Smith, who is said to have disappeared on Tuesday afternoon, and had been suffering from hysteria.

FUTURE OF WIRELESS "WIRES."

Colonel Sir Charles Evan-Smith told the shareholders of Marconi's Wireless Telegraph Co. yesterday that, whilst the system was not yet in full working order as a profit-making concern, contracts secured from various foreign Governments and commercial firms made their position safe and sound.

Last year's profits were £12,681, as compared with £10,007 made in 1903.

THEATRICAL LOVE-MAKING.

What is "Quite the Thing" Behind the Scenes.

CLOWN'S PRIVATE WOES.

Singular Evidence on the Freedom of Bohemian Manners.

To its vast edification the Divorce Court was yesterday let into some theatrical secrets. It was told how the social amenities of theatrical ladies and gentlemen on tour differ from the code of behaviour that obtains among the young ladies and gentlemen of suburbia.

For instance, the Court was informed that it is "quite the thing" for theatrical ladies to sit on the knees of theatrical gentlemen, even when the ladies are married to somebody else, and that embraces between the sexes are permissible when the company is "breaking up."

Mrs. Walker, the wife of "Whimsical Walker," the well-known clown, in giving some of this information, stated that she personally only used knees as seats when "there was nothing else knocking about."

Part of the charge made against her in the divorce petition brought by her husband is that she sat on the knees of Mr. Matk Olive, a theatrical gentleman. Yesterday she retorted by pointing out that she had sat on knees other than those of Mr. Olive in the absence of chairs.

Of Course!

Had she kissed Mr. Olive? Of course she had, and her husband knew it.

A discussion sprang up as to what extent it is permissible for a theatrical lady, while enjoying her after-supper cigarette sitting on the hearthrug, to use a theatrical gentleman's knees as a support for her back. Expert evidence given yesterday tended to show that such seeking of support is not only "not wrong," but even customary.

Mrs. Walker, so she told the Court, does not entertain a feeling of affection for the gentleman against whose knees she admitted she leant. Her sentiments towards him are pity and regard.

Not only has Mrs. Walker no affection for Mr. Olive, but she also, so she declared, had no affection for her husband even at the time she married him. "I married him because he was very much in love with me, and I was not in love with anybody else. I was never in love with anybody else. I was too much in love with myself," were the words with which she explained this point.

Professional Habits.

With regard to the cigarette smoking, it was a habit acquired abroad, Mrs. Walker said, and a theatrical landlady defended the habit in the witness-box by remarking—this was one of the many secrets divulged—that most touring theatrical ladies and gentlemen take a cigarette together after supper. But the landlady inclined to the view that a seat on someone else's lap is not indispensable to the enjoyment of the smoke.

As a contrast to the gaiety of these innocent revelations, Mr. Walker, who also spent some more time in the witness-box, said that his matrimonial troubles had turned his hair white in one night.

After speeches had been made, both about the suit that Mrs. Walker is bringing and the counter-suit with which Mr. Walker is retorting, the case was adjourned.

HUMANITARIAN MAGISTRATE.

At Stratford Police Court yesterday the magistrate bought a stolen linnen, and, handing it over to a detective-sergeant, said:—

"Officer, take the cage into the street and let the poor little bird go."

THINNEST WATCHES IN THE WORLD

Reduced to

LADIES' OR GENT'S 21/- POST FREE

Five Years' Written Guarantee.

SOLD ELSEWHERE AT £2 2s.

Accurate timekeepers, beautiful jewelled movements, handsome dark blue or black oxidised cases.

These watches are acknowledged by those in the trade to be astonishingly cheap at 21/- Also in Real Silver, 35/-; Ladies' or Gents' in Real Gold, Ladies' £2 15s., Gents' £2 17s. 6d.

V. SAMUEL & Co.,
26, QUEEN VICTORIA ST.,
LONDON, E.C.

The Cheapest Shop for Watches and Clocks in the World.

OFFICER AND BAD BOY.

Comic Skirmish Between a Military Golfer and a Small Critic.

It happened that the Hon. E. Massey, a lieutenant in the Scots Guards, was playing golf with some brother-officers at Aldershot.

It happened also that a Farnborough lad named Charles Pepler had elected to spend his afternoon as a spectator.

It happened that the sequel of this commonplace concatenation of circumstances was a summons for assault against the lad by the officer, heard in the Aldershot Police Court yesterday.

Now, when the officers began to play a group of boys and caddies began to laugh. They even dared, declared the Guardsman, to check!

So they were "warned off." But, being annoyed, they used threats. Undaunted, the Guardsman advanced upon Pepler and charged him with doing so. He asked him if he was a caddie.

Pepler's reply took the form of an act of war. He drew a catapult. Nothing loth, the officer closed upon the unmasked battery. It was war, and the trained soldier captured the catapult from the irregular before a shot had been fired.

Pepler then made a fierce and sustained attack on the officer's legs, gripping him by them so that he might throw him.

"But it did not come off," reported the Hon. E. Massey to the Magistrate, and Lieutenant Barclay, also of the Scots Guards, bore corroborative witness.

Pepler, for his part, swore in defence that the officer smote him with his whip and fell on him.

The magistrate dismissed the case, ordering the Hon. E. Massey to pay the costs.

"WHIMSICAL WALKER."



Mr. Henry Thomas Dawson Walker, better known as "Whimsical Walker," who yesterday defended his wife's petition for divorce.—(Ellis and Watney.)

CRIMINAL OF TENDER YEARS.

Amazing Record of a Seven-Year-Old Shop Thief in Silent Shoes.

Though only seven years of age Albert Giles, of Wandsworth, is an expert criminal.

He was charged at the South-Western Police Court yesterday with stealing two watches. Entering a jeweller's shop on his hands and knees he crept behind the counter and left without the owner being aware of his presence.

Scarcely a month ago he was charged with stealing money from a till.

Before that he once snatched a purse which a lady had placed on a counter for a moment. Many shopkeepers complained to the police of the boy.

The prosecutor yesterday stated that Giles had entered the shop before wearing silent shoes, and when caught asked to be told the time.

Owing to his youth Mr. Francis refused to punish the boy, but told a gaoler to show him how and where the birch was administered.

AN UNFAITHFUL WATCHMAN.

Climbing over the wall of the workhouse a Scarborough pauper helped himself to spirits intended for medicinal purposes.

He has been punished by being removed from the privileged position of wardman to work in the stoneyard.

"Stout is an excellent remedy for toothache and neuralgia," a publican told the Brentford Bench yesterday.

TOWN CLERK'S £10,000.

Striking Statement of Nine Charges of Embezzlement.

"LITTLE BY LITTLE."

"Mr. Jones followed the common course of all embezzlers," said Mr. Muir yesterday at Bow-street, as he concluded his long speech for the prosecution when Henry Corbett Jones, late town clerk of Holborn, surrendered to his bail to answer his self-confessed charge of stealing £10,000 from the Holborn Borough Council.

Pale, broken, and haggard, the prisoner listened to the tale of how his defalcations grew from small to large, like a rolling snowball, along the embezzler's common course.

Mr. Jones was trusted to an extent which few public servants are trusted, yet, since 1896, when he was the servant of the St. Giles's District Board of Works, said Mr. Muir, he had habitually betrayed that trust.

Nine cases were laid before the Court showing how the snowball grew.

While he was clerk to the Holborn Council's predecessors he converted a sum of £139 to his own use. Year by year he did not charge law costs, and represented that the sum had never been paid.

Growing Snowball.

For property bought from the council a Mr. Figgins paid £2,680. Mr. Jones kept it till January, 1904, when he repaid it.

The Rev. Father Hanning paid £5,000 for some property at Saffron Hill. Until January, 1904, Mr. Jones kept this also.

So the snowball had to grow, and a cheque from Mr. Maiby for £10,000, coming opportunely to hand, was taken to meet the deficiency.

Even the terms of his engagement, continued counsel, were habitually violated by Mr. Jones. He was to have nothing above his salary of £1,000, but he took commissions from a firm of Parliamentary agents.

As clerk of the Assessment Committee he received a salary of £100 in 1901 and 1902. When his salary was raised to £1,250 a year it was on the understanding that it should include this sum, but in 1904 Mr. Jones appropriated it to his own use.

At last, in January of this year, after he had tided over six years, the snowball became too big to push further in the old way, and he signed a statutory declaration about his position, which, said counsel, amounted to perjury, and might have resulted in his tiding over the desperate position for another year.

After evidence had been given of the good service the prisoner had given to the council, he was again remanded on the same bail.

BRITISHER BY PURCHASE.

"Naturalised Englishman's" Superiority Over a Native-born Barrister.

An incident bearing on the alien question occurred in Mr. Justice Jelf's Court yesterday.

The defendant in an action about drains, a "naturalised Englishman" named Schwanke, was explaining that he considered the state of the drains in a restaurant that he sold to the plaintiff was all that could be required.

At this point Mr. Kemp, K.C., counsel for the plaintiff, muttered an aside that was understood to have reference to "requirements in Germany."

Counsel for Mr. Schwanke: You hear what Mr. Kemp says about Germany?

Mr. Schwanke (loudly): I paid for being British.

The Judge (very soothingly): It will make no difference what you are. One of the great prides of this country is that we treat everybody here all alike.

"IF I WERE AN M.P."

Judge Addison, K.C., at the Southwark County Court yesterday stated that if he were in political life again he would interest himself in the housing problem.

The high rents the poor had to pay was a great scandal, he said.

MARRIAGE NOT PROOF OF MEANS.

In a judgment summons at Lambeth County Court yesterday, Judge Emden held that the fact that a man was about to get married was not proof that he possessed means to satisfy a debt for 7s. 6d.

It was quite possible that his new clothes had been bought on credit.

An open verdict was returned by a coroner's jury yesterday in the case of Captain Robert Francis Warburton, of the 5th Ghooika Rifles, son of Lady Warburton, who was found dead on the railway line at Esher on Saturday night.

WIFE'S FLIGHT.

Drenched by a Thunderstorm and Recaptured by Her Husband.

A remarkable story of unhappy married life was told in the Four Courts, Dublin, yesterday, in a case in which a Mrs. Hannan, school teacher, of Lisonagh, Co. Tipperary, sought divorce from her husband, the manager of a creamery in the Glen of Aherlow, Co. Tipperary.

According to petitioner's statement the pair met at Lisdoonvarna, Co. Clare, in August, 1899, and in the following November they were married.

Soon the husband became addicted to drunkenness and was very jealous.

In August of 1900, however, she went to reside with Mr. Hannan, but his conduct was so offensive and cruel that she had to fly from the house to the railway station, five miles away.

She was overtaken by a thunderstorm and drenched, and when she was entering the station Hannan and some employees of his came on the scene, and carried her back to the house.

Violent to Women.

In September of the same year he struck her with his clenched fist, and dragged her about the room, a few nights before a child was born to her.

He publicly denied the paternity of the child, and, while she lay in a weak and helpless state, threatened her with violence.

She afterwards went to live at her own place, near the school.

In November last he broke into her house, and, in the presence of her sister, dragged her into the road, and kicked her.

On another occasion he was found by the police with his hands out in an attempt to force an entry into her house.

His violence was always exhibited towards females. On one occasion he knocked down his own sister. On another he dragged his wife's sister by the hair of her head, and knocked her down.

The case was adjourned.

CHASED FOR TEN MILES.

How an Artful Modern Jack Sheppard Escaped from the Police.

Great artfulness was shown by Thomas Gee, the Leigh (Lancs.) "Jack Sheppard," who, while being conveyed to the police-station in a cart, escaped, and gave the police a ten-miles' chase.

On being arrested, he was handcuffed, but after going some distance, he cried out: "Oh! My wrist is broken," and fell back, apparently fainting. Spectators cried "Shame!" so he was put in a cart with only one hand handcuffed.

A few minutes later he sprang out of the cart, and ran "like a greyhound." He was chased for over an hour, and was then lost sight of.

Finally recaptured, near Bambley, he was yesterday sent to prison for six months for obtaining money by false pretences from magistrates and others.

SPIRITUALIST'S "WIVES."

Bail Unnecessary for a Man Who Could "Vanish Into Thin Air."

While lecturing in Durham, Michael Chambers, an ex-miner, and now an insurance agent and a professor of spiritualism, met and was married to Charlotte James, a young widow, and also a spiritualist.

But Chambers had already a wife, who had presented him with eleven children, living at Newcastle.

Yesterday, when Chambers was charged with bigamy it was said that he produced a bogus certificate of his first wife's death, and proposed to the widow after a week's acquaintance.

Chambers, who was committed for trial, asked for bail, whereupon one of the magistrates remarked, "Surely that is hardly necessary, as being a spiritualist he could vanish into thin air."

Bail was, however, granted.

If you Suffer

from any disease arising from impurities in the Blood, such as Eczema, Scrofula, Scurvy, Bad Legs, Blood Poison, Soils, Pimples, Rheumatism, Gout, &c., you should test the value of Clarke's Blood Mixture, the world-famed Blood Purifier and Restorer. It is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impure matter from whatever cause arising. Thousands of testimonials from all parts of the world. Of all chemists and stores. Ask for

**Clarke's
Blood Mixture**

The World-Famed Blood Purifier
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

HOW TO LIVE ON 2s. A WEEK.

Poor Woman Starves on What Feeds
a Rich Merchant.

MODEL DIET.

The story of a Bermondsey woman who, as reported in yesterday's *Daily Mirror*, contrived to live for twenty years on 2s. 9d. a week, has created much comment and sympathy.

Yet Glasgow boasts a prosperous merchant who has long managed to exist on a still smaller sum. This canny man, according to "Good Health," has succeeded in reducing his weekly board bill to a cost of 2s.

A list of the food he consumes each week reads as follows:-

Potatoes, 7lb.	9d.
Whole wheat bread, one loaf (8lb.)	8d.
Dairy butter, 1lb.	7d.
Olive oil, half gill	2d.
Rice, 1lb.	1d.
Mixed vegetables, 1lb.	2d.
Cocoa, 2oz.	4d.

1s. 10d.

The preparation of this simple food costs but a trifle, bringing the total weekly cost up to two shillings.

The bill of fare does not seem a liberal one for a man described as a "fine-appearing, healthy Scotchman, fifty-five years of age, and weighing 10 stone six and one-half pounds."

He works eighty hours a week in the personal superintendence of his own draper's shop.

"Such experiences," remarks the writer of the article, "are both interesting and instructive, and may be the means of encouraging others to adopt a more simple and natural diet than is customary."

BURYING A RIVER.

Scheme To Cover Up the Inky Irwell at
Manchester By a New Road.

Manchester's ugliest blot, the modern Irwell, may very shortly, as it cannot be removed, be skilfully concealed.

"An eyesore and a nuisance" is the opinion most visitors to Manchester express about that portion of the Irwell which winds, inky and filthy and malodorous, between Salford and Manchester, and residents of both boroughs shamefacedly agree with them.

Once, say when Roundheads held a bridge across the stream against the fierce and long-sustained attack of a large body of Cavaliers, the Irwell was a charming river. But so was once the Fleet stream, on a smaller scale, and it is many a year since, having degenerated into a mere sewer, it was covered over.

So there is a strongly supported movement on foot in Manchester to cover up part of the Irwell altogether, in which Salford is asked to join, as the river is for some distance the boundary between the two boroughs. The undertaking will be very costly and difficult, for the property upon the banks is of great value. But a broad and handsome thoroughfare between Hunt's Bank and the new Bailey-street Bridge, instead of the present hideous and nauseous gulf—Manchester's imagination reels at the thought!

WANTED A LOWER SALARY.

Yorkshire Official Makes an Unheard-of
Request of His Employers.

The climax of originality has been reached by Mr. Cocker, clerk to the Clifton Parish Council.

He has applied to the Halifax Guardians for the reduction of his salary from that body from £8 8s. to £5 5s. per annum, paid for the collection of a special rate.

A motion proposing the reduction having been made, the chairman ruled that, under their standing orders, the board had no power to "alter" an official's salary without special notice of motion.

The clerk to the guardians supported this ruling. It was never anticipated, he said, when the standing orders were adopted, that such an extraordinary thing would happen as an officer applying for a reduction of salary.

LIKED THE TSAR'S ALE.

An amusing version of the Tsar's reception of workmen at Tsarskoe Selo is supplied by one of the deputation. This man, says Laffan, was ordered to put on his best clothes and go to the Palace. In great consternation he bade his family farewell and went. He was much relieved to find nothing worse awaited him than a speech and a dinner.

"The dinner, and especially the beer, was very good. We asked for copies of the Tsar's speech and they were given to us. Afterwards we were taken back to town again, and I was glad to be restored to my family, who thought they would never see me back alive."

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

The chairman of the City Corporation finance committee yesterday said that for the first time since 1899 there was a surplus of £15,000 in the City cash account.

There is every prospect of a bigger crop of lambs this season than flockmasters were able to save last year.

One hundred guineas was voted yesterday by the Council of Common Council for a special shooting competition, at Bisley, of the Colonial and Indian Volunteers.

Burnley favours the view that education authorities should be empowered to provide food for necessitous children attending school, the cost to be afterwards recovered from the parents.

St. Patrick's Day will be celebrated in Westminster Cathedral on March 19. The service will be conducted largely in Irish by the Bishop of Raphoe, and Dr. O'Donnell will preach in the same tongue.

Firing a salute on board the Liverpool steamer *Banana*, the detonator exploded with unexpected force. The chief steward, third officer, and mess-room steward were severely wounded, and the galley was badly riddled.

Train-tramcars are to be run between Seacombe and Chester by the Great Central Railway Company, a successful trial trip having already been made. The motive power is supplied from an up-right boiler enclosed in one end of a saloon.

The East London and Lower Thames Electric Power Bill, providing for the incorporation of a company with a capital of £2,200,000, to supply electrical energy over a wide area, was yesterday reported for first reading to the House of Commons.

Were a fire to break out at Marlborough House an elaborate set of rules would be called into play. Minute instructions have been given for the safety of the royal children, and nearly every member of the household has a specially allotted task.

Stranded in shallow water a pike weighing 19lb. was easily captured at Frodingham Bridge, Driffeld.

An applicant for relief drove to Halifax Workhouse in a cab, retaining the cab, while making her appeal, for the purpose of driving home again. Relief was refused.

"Goodness, you're a mere boy," said Judge Mulholland to a Hanley debtor of fifty-eight, who complained that his employers had dismissed him because he was too old.

"My mule is thirty-five years old, and he knows better than to run away," was the defence of a Bangor hawk, who was fined for leaving his cart unattended on the road.

The famous "Wallasey Hermit," an old German named Kruger, has been summoned at Liscard for starving six dogs. He settled in a hut in Wallasey twenty years ago, and has always been surrounded by dogs.

"There are difficulties in this world for book-makers. If you were one you would have more sympathy with them." So said a Brixton book-maker's "manager" to his creditor's solicitor in South London yesterday.

It is announced that free fishing in the Dee between Llangollen and Beryn Chain Bridge is to be stopped. The public defeated a similar attempt to close this fishing water forty years ago, and intend to do so again.

REMARKABLE "DAILY MIRROR" PHOTOGRAPH.



So great is the popularity of the "Daily Mirror" in Liverpool that the enterprising owner of the newsagent's business at 39, Park-lane finds it profitable to make this remarkable "Daily Mirror" display each morning.

Yachting this year is encouraged by the offer of a 100-guinea cup for a race from Cowes to the Clyde. June 22 is fixed for the start.

Ten Cheshire schools are to have garden plots attached to them in which children are to be instructed in fruit and vegetable growing.

"Seventy-nine hours and forty minutes is too long for a young person to work in one week," said the magistrate who fined a Tuckrook dairyman for over-working one of his employees.

Hard times in Manchester are responsible for an unprecedented destruction of dogs whose owners cannot afford to pay licences. Already this year 965 animals have been put out of the way.

General Booth, who is to be the guest of the Lord Mayor of Liverpool, is exhibiting this placard in the city:—"The way to a man's heart is often through his stomach. Anyway, it's no use preaching theology to a hungry man."

In a letter to the Humanitarian League Mr. Cunningham-Graham calls upon the clergy to protest against the "skinning of mother-seals alive, and the leaving of young seals to starve," in order to provide women with sealskin jackets.

"Burglariously stealing three gills of cold tea," is the charge upon which a man has been committed for trial at Leeds. The bottle was labelled "whisky," but contained tea. "I'm not such a fool as to mistake the one for the other," protested the man.

M. Colonne, the famous Parisian conductor, paid a visit to London yesterday and conducted a concert with the London Symphony Orchestra. At the conclusion M. Colonne gracefully acknowledged the splendid work of the orchestra by insisting on bringing forward Mr. Payne (the leader) to share the applause with him.

Each male patron at the Wednesday evening performance at the Palace Theatre, Greenwich, will be permitted to introduce his wife or sweetheart free.

Drinks and hansom cost an Eiland millhand £100 in five months. This fact he admitted when sentenced by the Halifax Bench for neglecting to maintain his wife.

Southwark has decided to retain the offices of secondary and high bailiff, both to be held by one man at a salary of £750, rising to £1,000. Candidates must not be under thirty-five years of age.

Halifax holds an annual chimney-sweeping contest. This year's first prize, consisting of a silver medal and copper kettle, has been awarded to John Walker, of Gildersome. He was four minutes ahead of the next best man.

Leeds schoolboys are not pleased that assistant-teachers are forbidden to inflict corporal punishment. "We get it far worse," says their spokesman, "from the headmaster, and when he is busy we have the extra misery of waiting ten or twenty minutes thinking about it."

Burnley's main thoroughfare, St. James-street, is so narrow that Saturday and Sunday crowds there are causing much annoyance in the town. "The best way to scatter the people," writes a correspondent, "is to pass church and hospital collecting boxes freely among them."

"When Thon Art Night," "God Keep The Pure," and "The Rose and the Rue," three charming songs from the new Carmelite sennery series, will exclusively represent the English music at tonight's Karsay Concert at the Queen's Hall. Miss Blanche Esmond, a mezzo-soprano, who promises to become one of our leading vocalists, will sing these pretty numbers, which will afford a pleasant relief to the prevailing Hungarian melody.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Descriptions of the Principal

Photographs in To-day's

"Daily Mirror."

ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES.

ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHERS.

There are few members of our Royal Family who have not fallen victims to what was at one time known as the "camera craze."

Only a few days ago we reproduced a capital portrait of Princess Victoria taken by her sister, Princess Charles of Denmark, and now in this issue (pages 8 and 9) we are able to present to our readers four excellent pictures taken during her recent Egyptian tour by Princess Henry of Battenberg.

They are some of a number of beautiful bromide enlargements shown by her Royal Highness at a photographic exhibition at the Royal Albert Institute, Windsor. Other royalties who contributed to the exhibition were Princess Louise Augusta, who was represented by sixty photographs taken in Ceylon, and Princess Victoria, a very expert camera-artist.

The most enthusiastic, as well as one of the most capable, of royal photographers, Queen Alexandra, was not in evidence at the exhibition.

THE DRUG DANGER.

While everyone is concerned with the drink danger, few seem to realise the ill that is being wrought by the rapidly-increasing use of stimulating or narcotic drugs.

Their latest victim is Lady Tanner, wife of Sir Oriel Vivash Tanner, a retired lieutenant-general. She was a nervous woman, and suffered much from insomnia, and had been taking sulphonal powders to induce sleep. It appears that, with the idea no doubt of enjoying a good night's rest, Lady Tanner, whose portrait appears on page 9, took an enormous dose of the drug, being apparently unaware of its poisonous nature.

FLOATING CHANDLER'S SHOP.

The little vessel shown in our picture on page 9 may be seen on any day threading its way among the crowded shipping just below London Bridge.

It is manned by a crew of one, who is owner, skipper, shopman, and propelling-power combined. His floating shop is stocked with a curious variety of articles to suit the varied requirements of his marine customers. Good things to eat are there in plenty, but a demand for a pair of socks or a packet of envelopes, a pair of shoelaces or a bit of sticking-plaster finds him equally prepared.

Seagulls appear to be his pet aversion. They know there is something to eat on board the queer little craft, and in cold weather they get so bold that they will often perch on the boat itself, uttering clamorous demands for food.

MOTOR MISSION-BOATS.

Missionary enterprise, like everything else, has to be up-to-date in these days, and the conquering motor has been adopted for the launches used by the missionaries who work among the shipping on the Thames.

The readers of the "Quiver" are providing ten mission-boats for this service, and the latest completed, Glad Tidings and Quiver, No. 3, has just been dedicated and blessed by Archdeacon Sinclair at the East India Docks, as may be seen by our picture on pages 8 and 9.

REORGANISING THE NAVY.

Under Sir John Fisher's regime the work of putting the British Navy into a state of complete efficiency proceeds apace.

The latest victim of his reforming zeal is, it appears, the old Impregnable, of which we give a fine picture on page 8. For many years it has been in use at Plymouth as a training-ship for lads belonging to the Navy.

VARIED AND ARTISTIC.

WRENCH
PICTURE
POSTCARDS.

OF ALL
STATIONERS AND NEWSAGENTS.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are at
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To subscribers abroad the terms are: For three months, 9s. 6d.; for six months, 19s. 6d.; for twelve months, 39s.; payable in advance.

Remittances should be crossed "Courts and Co.," and made payable to the Manager, *Daily Mirror*.

Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1905.

LABOUR STANDS ALONE.

FOR many years now direct representatives of labour have sat in the House of Commons. Only this session have they formed themselves into a distinct party. At last the thirteen "working-men M.P.s," as they are called, are welded together into a body under the presidency of Mr. John Burns. In future, Labour must, more than ever before, be reckoned with as a political force.

What will be the result of this step? At first there will be very little result at all. But after the next election it is quite possible the new Party leader may have a very respectable following. Arrangements have already been made to put seventy Labour candidates into the field, and there seems a very fair chance of a good proportion of them being elected.

The refusal of Labour to be chained any longer to the corpse of Liberalism is a most hopeful sign. Until new life is breathed into the old bones of political controversy, the present dull, dead state of things must continue at Westminster and in the country generally. The mass of people and the great majority of M.P.s have lost faith in the old causes. Bygone watchwords thrill them no more. Every intelligent person can see that politics have ceased to deal with realities and have become a mere game.

We look to the Labour Party, with its keen, reforming instinct, its hatred of antiquated privilege and meaningless ceremony, its knowledge of the needs of the people, to alter all this. Wisely led, with an eye directed to the interests of the nation as a whole, it may help to put in hand that much-needed process of bringing Britain up to date—a process which must be undertaken (and that soon) if this great country is to keep its leading position in the world.

"A DANIEL COME TO JUSTICE."

Judge Bacon is a bold man. In the Bloomsbury County Court he has expressed the opinion that 7s. 6d. is quite enough to give for a woman's hat. Husbands and fathers will probably combine to erect a statue of him, but that will be small consolation if he has previously been torn to pieces by indignant daughters and wives.

Nothing arouses the latent fury of women more quickly than a suggestion that they spend too much on their clothes. Accuse a man of extravagance in dress, he simply smiles. "One must be decent," he will plead amiably. Lay the same charge at a woman's door, and she will embark at once upon a long and frenzied argument designed to prove that she is a perfect marvel of economy, that everyone she knows has at least double her allowance, and that only a MAN would talk such nonsense on a subject he knows nothing whatever about.

The consequence is that man, as a rule, dares not attempt to discuss prices. He knows quite well that any protest, however faint, would be the signal for a pitying shrug of the shoulders and the unanswerable retort, "Of course, if you want me to go about like a scarecrow, I can go and get some nasty, cheap thing, ready-made."

Men, therefore, are filled with wonder at Judge Bacon's rash courage. "Ah," they murmur, "if only I had the pluck to say it! I wonder how he dared." Perhaps if they studied "Who's Who" they might be enlightened. So far as we can learn from that valuable volume, Judge Bacon is a bachelor. Otherwise he would never have done it!

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Those are weaklings who only uphold the truth as long as it suits their purpose.—*Parrot*.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

T O-NIGHT the first Court of the season is to be held at Buckingham Palace. It is to be a crowded and brilliant function. The King and Queen have taken great pains during their reign to reorganise the entire arrangements of the Court, and to go to one nowadays is really an agreeable duty. In the last reign it was painfully tedious. I remember talking to several debutantes after one of Queen Victoria's "Drawing Rooms," and they all said they were anxious never to go through the experience again.

In the first place, Queen Victoria, who often used to come up from Windsor only for the day, insisted that her Courts should be held at three o'clock. At three o'clock, therefore, in broad daylight, in the midst of the lively commotion of a Cockney crowd, the gorgeously-dressed chaperons

and debutantes used to arrive. Before they could pass into "the presence" they had to wait, generally for hours, in daylight rooms, where their evening dress looked horribly garish. Then they had to march before a long line of rigid royalties, kiss the Queen's hand (which had to be done very carefully and gingerly, or the suppliant was administered a little shake or disapproving poke), and step backwards over an immense train to the door.

Now all that is changed. The evening light makes the well-warmed rooms very pleasant to wait in; the King and Queen pass up and down amongst their guests; there is less formality and more comfort. Arrangements have also been made to prevent crowding. Formerly the unfortunate "presented" one withdrew half torn to pieces by the pushing and struggling of her fair rivals. In fact, the only disadvantage, from the feminine point of view, about the present Courts is that they

have abolished the old "Drawing Room" teas at which debutantes used to be inspected by admiring friends on their return from the ceremony.

Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, who has just started for New York, has taken her beautiful young daughter, Miss Ivy Gordon-Lennox, with her, to introduce her to New York society, and show her, I suppose, how people can live with the maximum of cost and the minimum of beauty in that expensive city. Lady Algernon married in 1836. Her daughter, who inherits her mother's good looks and taste in dress, is only just eighteen. True judges say that Lady Algernon is the best-dressed woman in London. But she is not quite as beautiful as her famous elder sister, Lady Warwick.

Lady Algernon's great occupation, in the leisure moments which the cares of being so well-dressed leave her, is the care of her incomparable flowers at Broughton Castle, Banbury. She is really an expert gardener, and the men at work there take their orders directly from her. Her method is to write down on a strip of paper a kind of plan showing how the beds are to be planted. Sometimes the gardener grumbles and objects to the plan at first, but when it has been carried out he always delights his mistress by saying: "I never knew that your ladyship had so good an eye for colour."

Once more Judge Bacon has enlightened the female world by telling it that no more than seven-and-sixpence must be paid for its hats. Judge Bacon always has tailors and dressmakers to deal with. I once saw a very comic scene in his Bloomsbury Court. A certain Solomon sued his tailor for the value of a pair of trousers, which did not fit. "Put them on," said the Judge airily. This was done. "They fit perfectly," said the tailor, indignantly. Judge Bacon looked at them. "Much too short," he said, with a wave of the hand. "Judgment for the plaintiff. Take the trousers off. Next case."

At his Whitechapel Court, the Judge is often quite as laughably amusing. He has actually studied Yiddish, in order to deal with few litigants there. He was once delighted over an interpreter who was explaining Yiddish to an English witness, and English to the Jew, which he did by making mistakes in both languages. "Go away and learn some kind of language," said the Judge; "you interpreters speak none. Interpreters are people who translate a language they do not understand into one they do not speak."

The position of lady-in-waiting to the Princess of Wales is certainly a very enviable one. Ladies-in-waiting always appear to get to know everybody worth knowing, and to end by making the most excellent marriages. Lady Mary Lygon, who has just become engaged to Major the Hon. Henry Forbes, held the position for some time, and she went with the present Princess of Wales, who was then Duchess of Cornwall, on the tour which she took round the Colonies shortly after the Coronation. Lady Mary is a quiet, pretty woman, something of a recluse, and as discreet in manner and speech as a lady-in-waiting ought to be.

When she went to Australia with the Princess she already knew the country well, for she had been out with her brother, Earl Beauchamp, when he took up the Governorship of New South Wales. She took a great deal of interest in her brother's career out there. Lord Beauchamp is one of the most interesting of our younger peers. Still quite young (only just over thirty), he has been distinguished ever since he left the University. There he was inclined to be observed at the Government House, and at one moment he even seriously thought of entering the Church. He certainly, even as an undergraduate, wrote innumerable letters to the "Times," one way of preaching to the public.

Out in Australia Lord Beauchamp was not amazingly popular. He was a little too ceremonious for the Australians, a little too particular about the exact etiquette to be observed at the Government House. His cards for the balls held there became famous. They were blue and white, and the blue admitted through the front door, so to speak, but the white only through the back. So rigidly were the social goats and sheep divided that at one ball a husband and wife are said to have entered at separate doors. "I people did not like this," said Lord Beauchamp's temper had been permanently ruffled by the lady who told him, soon after he landed, that she had always used his dear father's pills!

IN MY GARDEN.

FEBRUARY 16.—Although we have had a long spell of mild, dry weather, there are few signs that spring will arrive earlier than usual. I have picked a large bunch of primroses to-day, but last year at this time they were more plentiful.

The early-blossoming *Hebe (Erica carnea)* is now in full bloom. How beautiful (and rare) it is, like many beautiful and easily-grown plants, it is only seen in a few gardens.

Thus, weather-time is not confined to August and September. Blooming now on the rockery (with giant snowdrops nodding all around), this heath presents a picture to be remembered even when the summer hills are purple. E. F. T.

THE WOLF HUNT CONTINUES, THOUGH THE QUARRY IS DEAD.



If the Law continues to hunt the dead Nelson Tea Company so energetically, it will perhaps persuade the public that it killed the wolf.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Duke of Saxe-Coburg, Duke of Albany.

IT is very few years since he was an English boy at Eton, with never a thought of the responsibilities of royalty.

Now he is a ruling Prince, and though he is only twenty, his engagement to Princess Victoria, daughter of Duke Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein, is announced.

If anyone ever did not want to be a Prince it was the small, chubby-faced boy in an Eton suit and a large white collar, who suddenly found himself carried to a new country, to be under the rather oppressive care of his suzerain cousin, the Kaiser. The Kaiser set to work to make him a German. He was removed from the care of his mother, and plunged into the endless round of German military duties, while German tutors were engaged to eradicate his English training and turn the Duke of Albany into the Duke of Saxe-Coburg.

Still, though he has learnt to sign himself "Carl Edward," instead of "Charles Edward," he is English at heart.

In appearance he is not robust. He looks as though his military life had been too severe for him, but he is stronger than he looks, and has filled out considerably of late.

Intellectually, he is one of the most gifted of his family—his father, Duke of Albany, was King Edward's brother—and finds time to read a good deal. There is far more of the student than of the soldier about him, and if only he might be an English country squire with an unlimited library he would be perfectly happy.

As it is, he is a ruling Prince, aged twenty, and engaged to be married.

PAVEMENT STUDIES.

The Little Old Woman.

I ALWAYS called her the little old woman—the only name I ever knew her by. I made her acquaintance on a pouring wet morning at a seaside place. I was summoned to the kitchen, and found her diving outside the back door. She bobbed and meekly held out a small can.

"If yer would be so kind, liddy, as to let us 'ave a drop o' billing water?"

"Do you live near here?" I inquired.

A faint flush crept under the wrinkled skin.

"We're puttin' up at the sacker opposite," she said proudly.

"But we ain't beggars, mum—the old man and meefil works for the farmers in the summer, and—" she paused—"and we go into the 'Ouse winter time. But there ain't no work to be done in the fields weather like this."

"Have you had any breakfast this morning?"

"She looked away quickly and a tear dropped on to her thin, knotted hand. After that the ice was quite broken."

One morning she came wet through. There had been a great storm in the night, and although they had moved from one seat to another in their frail shelter, the wind and rain had seemed to blow from all quarters. In the afternoon I found an old cider-dun quilt and took it across to the shelter. Their delight was quite childish.

I looked in to see how they were that evening.

The old man was lying full-length on one of the seats, snugly tucked up, his wife sitting beside him keeping watch.

"Is rheumatiz 'as been jest crool. Bless 'is 'eart," she crooned, "it does me good to see 'im warm. Why, the joy o' it makes me warm meself." I believe she spoke the truth.

SEEN BY OUR CAMERA MAN



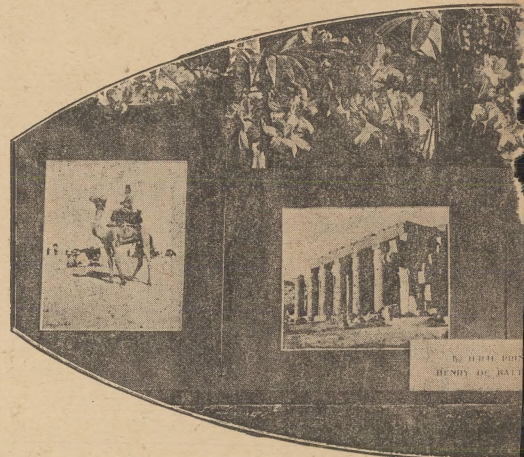
NEWS IN

EARL AND COUNTESS'S SILVER WEDDING.



The Earl and Countess of Gainsborough, who have just celebrated their silver wedding with great rejoicings. Lady Gainsborough is the Earl's second wife.—(Photographs by Russell and Sons.)

ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHS ON



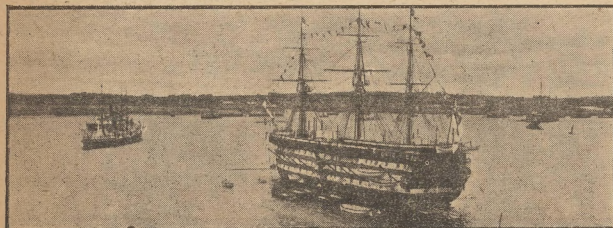
The above are photographs taken by H. R. H. Princess Henry of Battenberg. They represent views taken by the Princess during her residence in Schleswig-Holstein and Princess Louise Augusta at

WATCHING FOR THE MYSTIC LIGHTS.



A flashlight photograph showing some people outside Egryn Chapel, where Mrs. Jones is conducting her revival mission, watching for the mystic lights. Mrs. Jones was conducting a meeting inside when this photograph was taken.

A NELSON "WOODEN WALL" TO BE DISCARDED.



The old Impregnable, one of Nelson's "wooden walls," which is about to be discarded as a naval training-ship. This picturesque vessel is of great interest to sightseers at Devonport.

BLESSING THE FIRST MOTOR MISSION BOAT FOR

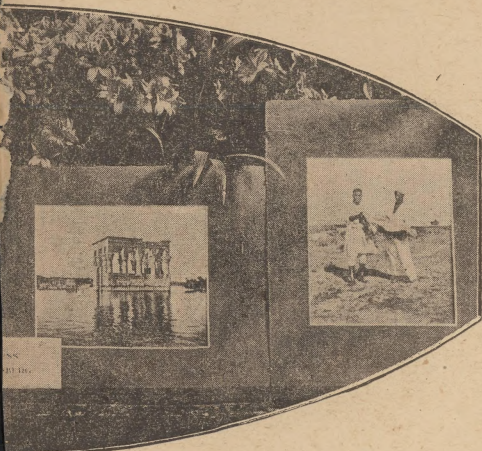


The first motor-launch for missionary work, provided by "Quiver" readers, is now being used on a boat, named Glad Tidings and Quiver No. 3, was dedicated by the Archdeacon of London, including Sir T. Fowell Buxton, Bart., chairman of the mission, assembled at the East India Dock, London, to dedicate the Archdeacon about to perform the ceremony

VIEWS

Snapped for News

EXHIBITION AT WINDSOR.



org, and are now being shown at the Windsor Photographic Exhibition. Other photographs by Princess Victoria of so on show at the exhibition.—(Russell and Sons.)

LADY WIMBORNE'S BOOK-SHOP.



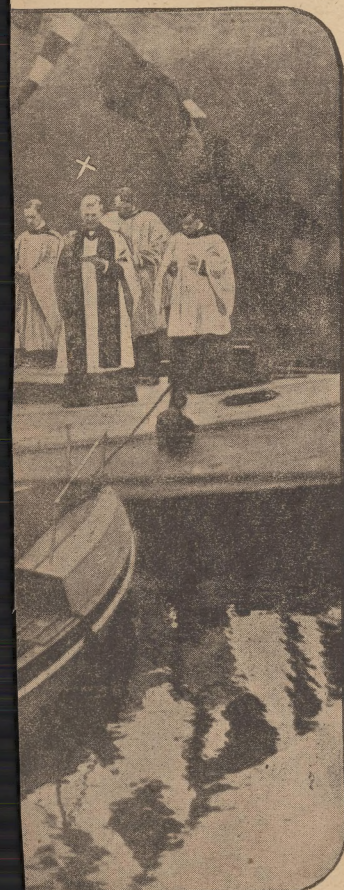
The shop in Dover-street, Piccadilly, which Lady Wimborne has just opened for the sale of religious and other works.

LADY TANNER.



The wife of Lieut-General Sir Oriel Viveash Tanner. Her death has just occurred through an overdose of sulphonal.—(Fradelle and Young.)

WORK ON THE THAMES.



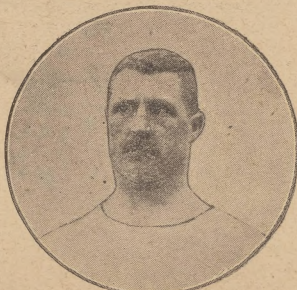
Thames by the Missions to Seamen. The presence of a large and distinguished company, backs. The + in the above photograph indicates the position of the boat.

CURIOUS SALE OF PASSIVE RESISTERS' GOODS AT POLICE STATION.



The sale of passive resisters' goods by auction in the courtyard of the Luton Police Station. The auctioneer has just disposed of one of the carpets seen hanging on the walls of the building.—(Photograph by W. H. Cox.)

"KING OF CLUBS."



Mr. Tom W. Burrows, an Australian, who is known as the "King of Clubs." At midnight on Wednesday he commenced a task of swinging a pair of clubs, weighing three pounds, without cessation until 9.30 this evening.

CHANDLER'S SHOP ON THE THAMES.



The curious craft seen above is a miniature chandler's shop, skippered by an old Essex fisherman, who does a brisk business with the seamen on the Thames.

TO PROTECT INVESTORS.

Nelson Pension Tea Scandal May Lead to Useful Legislation.

MUCH-NEEDED REFORM.

By LOUIS SINCLAIR, M.P.

Mr. Justice Buckley's severe remarks on the Nelson Pension Tea Company have focused attention on the very poor safeguard the public has against the formation of companies which at the outset make promises they are unable to carry out. Now that his Majesty's Gracious Speech from the Throne has stated that it is the intention of the Government to create a Ministry of Commerce, the business world is anxiously looking forward to legislation which will enable that Department to become an effective machine in the interests of trade and commerce.

There is a very general hope that provision will be made in the Government Bill for the establishment of a bureau with full and adequate powers to investigate the conduct and management of any joint stock company or corporation engaged in home or foreign commerce.

It is a well-known circumstance that many traders in this country are able, under cover of the Companies Acts, to carry on business by methods which would not be tolerated in any private individual. Shady things, which would besmirch the reputation and honour of any respectable citizen, are done without hindrance, under a name other than that of the actual person who is carrying on the business.

A USELESS ACT.

It is exceedingly difficult in such cases to lay hands on the man who is actually committing the fraud. Legal quibbles about such quantity that the business-man asks himself whether the people who draft Bills really intended to make it impossible for companies to trade in a manner otherwise than honest and straightforward. A coach-and-four can easily be driven through many of the well-intentioned provisions of the Acts, made for the supposed purpose of preventing the public from being cheated, defrauded, and defamed.

The Bill to be introduced by the Government must, in my humble opinion, be watched most carefully by the commercial community. Provision ought to be made for a "Companies" Department of the Ministry of Commerce, possessing powers to send out inspectors and to see that no companies are promoted without the special permission of the Department, which will only be granted after it is satisfied that the prospectus proposed to be issued is a bona-fide document; that no "watering" has taken place; and that the shares represent the true assets of the business.

This Department would also gather, compile, publish, and supply useful information concerning corporations engaged in home or foreign commerce, including corporations engaged in insurance.

The creation by the Government of a Ministry of Commerce with such powers as these would be in the best interests of our trade and commerce, and would make for greater purity and straightforwardness.

LOUIS SINCLAIR.

A MAN IN A MILLION

By CORALIE STANTON
and HEATH HOSKEN.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Or, shipwrecked, kindles on the coast
False fires, that others may be lost.

—Wordsworth.

The Duke looked at Joan with a flash of something like suspicion in his pale, good-humoured eyes. But one look at her face was enough. Her question was spontaneous and genuine. She meant it in the most literal sense.

"Mrs. Tempest did not exactly say that you had changed your mind," he said. He saw the gathering coldness in the girl's face, and went on rather lamely. "But she said that—well, that time had passed, and that—well, to sum it up, that there could be no harm in my coming and seeing for myself."

Joan sat down again.

"My mother made a mistake," she said quietly. "I am sorry that you came under that impression, Harry. Yes, I am very sorry. I thought we were going to be friends."

"Joan, are you always going to be a child?" the young man asked, with a despairing kind of impatience. "Why do you persist in talking like that? You must know that I don't want you to be your friend, that I want more—I want you for my wife."

She shook her head.

"I am so sorry, Harry," she said again. "You consented once!" he cried. "You must have liked me a little bit."

"I did wrong," she said gravely. "I did like

MARRIAGES WHICH DO NOT BIND.

A Novel Which Deals with the Dangers of International Marriage.

Only a few days ago we commented in a leading article on the cruel and absurd condition of the marriage law, which makes a marriage contracted in one country null and void in another.

Now a novel, "Eve—and the Law," by Alice and Claude Askew (Chapman and Hall, 6s.), has appeared, which portrays the terrible possibilities of this.

Eve, the heroine, falls in love with and marries secretly at a City church a Frenchman, and spends the honeymoon with him at Fontainebleau, in his own country. After a few months of happiness he brutally tells her that the marriage is not binding in France, and leaves her.

She returns to England with her heart dead. The Fontainebleau incident is not suspected, as she is supposed to have been in Paris as a musical student, and she marries a heavy, upright, stout Englishman.

The secret is kept, though suspected by one person, until her betrayer reappears and makes love to her husband's sister. Then everything comes out.

From that point tragedy is rampant to the end of the book. Eve's husband leaves her and is reported dead from Central Africa. Her sister-in-law dies by an accident.

The last scene is the tragic death of the guilty Frenchman, but that does not occur until after a most exciting scene. Eve hears suddenly that her husband is alive and may be home again, forgiving her, at any moment. She prepares to receive him, and discards her mourning. The Frenchman, who, after the death of his wife, wishes to make love to Eve again, is admitted in mistake, and at that moment the husband arrives. He naturally receives the wrong impression.

The violent death of the betrayer and the reconciliation of husband and wife complete a book which, besides being exciting and dramatic, helps to draw attention to this great abuse.

"OUR FLAT."



Miss Pollie Emory, who has made such a success as Bella in "Our Flat" at the Comedy Theatre.—(Ellis and Watery.)

you—I do like you, very much indeed. But not enough to marry you. I was very foolish; I did not understand. You can't blame me more than I blame myself."

"But I don't blame you," he said earnestly, "and I ask so little, Joan. I will be satisfied with so little. Only go on liking me a little, and promise to be my wife. Don't worry yourself about anything else. I will do everything I can to make you happy, and in time, perhaps, you will get a little bit fond of me."

Tears rose in the girl's eyes. She was intensely touched by the simple humility of his pleading.

"Please don't say any more, Harry," she implored. "Indeed, I can't tell you how sorry I am that you should have come here under this false impression. I know I am very foolish. I am afraid I seem very childish and absurd to you. And I can't say what I mean—it is so difficult to put not like words. And," she added, with her enchanting smile, "I think it's frightfully good of you to want to marry me."

"Joan!" The young man heaved a sigh of utter despair. With every word she spoke she caught his heart more firmly in her innocent toils. The more she tried to estrange him from her the more he adored her.

"But it would be so unfair on you," the girl went on, with calm earnestness. "I remember my mother saying to me once that when one marries a man one ought to marry him because one must—because the whole width of the universe could not separate one from that man."

The Duke shifted his position restlessly. He did not like having Mrs. Tempest quoted to him, not as moralising on the question of matrimony. He could not forget that letter that he had received from her, the letter that had brought him there.

"And, forgive me for saying so, Harry," Joan concluded, as if this pronouncement of her mother's settled the matter, "but I can't feel like that

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

THE MYSTERIOUS WELSH LIGHTS.

Such phenomena as spirit lights are not unknown to investigators. It is notable that Professor C. Rickett, in his address to the Society for Psychical Research (6th inst.), says: "For my part I should be inclined to believe in the reality of these luminous forms—these lights, these materialisations." C. DEHOLME.

Willesden.

It is a libel on the Almighty to imagine for one moment that He would express Himself by such means as these lights. I take it the cause is brain trouble.

Delirium patients often say they have seen white birds, flashes of light, and so on. Southampton. ANTI-HUMBURG.

I am afraid your correspondent is mistaken—at any rate, as regards the light seen by him whilst driving in the carriage with Mrs. Jones on Saturday night.

He mentions that just before midnight a bright light shone on the road in the immediate vicinity of the carriage in which he was driving.

This was simply an unusually bright meteor, or shooting star, which was visible over the greater part of Wales, and which I myself and a great many of my friends saw last Saturday night just before midnight. W. WATTS.

21, Bellevue-street, Swansea.

"A CLERGYMAN ON LYING."

I wonder how many of your readers who are in business stop to think that the very system under which they live is calculated to incite to inaccuracy and develop the habit of careless lying?

Business people, who are at one another's throats, in the attempt to get a "pull" on their neighbours, are apt to lose all respect for truth.

Lying and scandal are the outcome of selfishness, which is bound to be bred in the minds of the people, while "one man's loss is another man's gain." A. W. COCKS.

Chertsey.

"NO MORE BARMAIDS."

In your article on the anti-barmaid agitation one of your questions is, "What is to become of the barmaid if she is turned out?"

My opinion is that if she were turned out and men engaged instead, there would be many more men in a position to marry and make homes for girls.

Also, there would not be so much attraction for men in public-houses, so it would do away with two evils. CONSTANT READER.

Grays, Essex.

According to the census returns of 1901, the total number of barmmaids in England and Wales is 27,707. To deprive most of these (for very few are over thirty-five years of age) of their occupation at one year's notice, as suggested at the C.E.T.S. meeting, would undoubtedly cause hardship.

Would not a better method be to promote legislation to prohibit the future employment of any barmmaids with the exception of those already in the calling at the time of the passing of the Bill?

83, Ridge-road, Stroud Green, N.

EDITH M. REED

towards you, and so I can't marry you. Of course I can't. It's not good enough for you. I'm frightfully sorry; but do let's be friends."

He said there was no moving her. She had been utterly frank with him. Whoever that influence was that had come between them, and however sudden and tragic had been its eclipse, still it dwelt with her; it made her indifferent to all men; it set her apart, on a pedestal, in that white aloofness that was so maddening and so adorable.

He could say no more. In common decency he could not worry her, after she had spoken so plainly. Nothing remained to him but to go his way in the morning, and to forget her, putting all his energies into that hopeless task, as soon as he could.

He was far too nice and far too well-bred to allow her to feel uncomfortable, and so he exerted himself to talk naturally about indifferent things until Vanna rejoined them.

When the elder woman came in she looked from one to the other with an inquiring gaze; but their faces revealed nothing, and they were chatting together like old friends.

Joan did not attempt to seek out her mother that night, after they had hidden each other good-night. In the morning Vanna was down very early. Her guest's motor-car was standing in readiness outside the porch. She was just in time to pour out his coffee.

"You must eat a hearty breakfast, Harry," she said. "I suppose you won't stop until you get to town." She looked at him from under her lowered lids; but he did not appear to be in a communicative frame of mind. "And you're going north to-night?" she added.

"Yes," he said. "I shall stay up there two or three weeks, and then I think I shall go away with my sister. She's arranged a trip to Cairo, and up

(Continued on page 11.)

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THE SAFETY OF SUBMARINES.

Can It Be Increased, or Must
Terrible Accidents Continue?
A PRACTICAL PLAN.

By P. A. HISLAM.

"What! another accident to a submarine?" This was the dismayed exclamation heard on all sides yesterday when the news of the disastrous explosion on board the A5 at Queenstown arrived. It does seem, indeed, as if a malignant fate haunted these latest additions to our naval fighting power. Ill-luck has dogged their wash from the very first.

The earliest cruise of the Portsmouth flotilla, in March, 1903, was cut short by an accident to No. 1, in which four men were seriously injured.

Less than twelve months ago A1, an earlier and smaller vessel than A5, was run down and sunk off the Nab Lightship by the Berwick Castle and eleven lives were lost.

This latest calamity will impel the public to ask two questions and to demand satisfactory answers. In the first place, are submarines essential to our maritime supremacy, which, of course, all will admit to be the foundation of discussion? Secondly, if they are necessary, cannot they be made reasonably safe?

It is unfortunate that, judging by all available facts, the first question must be answered in the affirmative. In modern naval war the submarine has had no opportunity of showing its value; but in peace manoeuvres its utility has been demonstrated to conviction.

AN INVISIBLE FOE.

The British naval manoeuvres of last year proved the value of the submarine for harbour defence, and many months ago every unit of a French squadron of thirteen ships was struck by a dummy torpedo, discharged from submerged and invisible submarines, while entering Cherbourg.

The western end of the Mediterranean is lined with French depôts of the craft, and some have recently been sent to Saigon, in French Indochina. France has at present over fifty of this type of vessel built and building, while Germany has eight built or provided for, Italy eight, and the United States nine.

As for the second question, it is always being debated, and improvements in design are continually being made. But the great handicap is size. It is impossible to provide more than the most elementary arrangements for safety and comfort in a vessel of 500 tons.

But it should not be beyond the skill of our naval constructors to divide the hull of a submarine into a number of watertight compartments, and to attach a buoy to the outside, by means of a telephone wire, in such a manner that in the event of an accident it could be released and used as a means of communication with rescuers above.

These improvements could be made with a very small addition to the displacement of the craft. If it is in the future found possible to increase their size to 500 or even 1,000 tons—as I see no reason why it should not—there would be opportunities for still further adding to their comfort, safety, and fighting value.

A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 10.)

the Nile, and then on into Uganda. I think it will be rather jolly."

"Has Joan come down yet?" asked Vanna sharply.

"No. Mrs. Tempest—you made a mistake."

"What do you mean?"

"That Joan will not change her mind. There is not the slightest chance of it. You told me there was."

"There always is with a girl," replied Vanna incisively. "You must not take Joan too seriously, my dear Harry. She is a perfect child."

"She won't listen to me."

"Don't give up hope—that is, if you are still of the same mind."

"I am—I shall be—I shall always be. Mrs. Tempest, forgive me if I ask you to be frank with me. It's because Joan is everything to me, everything that I want in the world, because my highest hope of happiness is to have her one day for my wife. Will you be frank with me? Will you tell me the truth? I can't help knowing something of what happened. I can't help knowing that she—she believed she cared for someone—I can't help knowing who it was. A man I know, Mrs. Tempest, a man everybody knows, a man whom every woman in England might be glad to marry, a man to whom any mother would willingly give her daughter. Great and powerful and rich and charming—Anthony Heron is all that."

"Don't say any more, Harry!" Vanna had risen to her feet, and walked over to the window. It was open, and she clutched nervously at a spray of ivy that the wind blew through the lattice-casement. She had her back turned to the young man, and she spoke slowly, as if she were

"LEW" WALLACE DEAD.

Author of One of the Most Popular
Books of the Age.

General "Lew" (short for Lewis) Wallace, whose death, at his home in Indiana, was announced by Reuter yesterday, is known to people in this country only as the author of that marvellously-successful religious novel, "Ben Hur." He was, however, distinguished also as a lawyer, as a soldier, and as a diplomat.

Born in 1827, at Brookville, Franklin Co., Indiana, he was brought up strictly, made to rely upon himself, and indeed to provide for his own education.

He studied law quietly and diligently until the Mexican war. He served during that, and when the fighting was over went stolidly back to his books again, with a considerable military reputation attached to his name.

When the Civil War broke out, Wallace was adjutant-general of Indiana. His exploits during the Civil War are still remembered by patriotic Americans, and won him the rank of general.

THE SUCCESS OF "BEN HUR."

Later, after the close of the war, General Wallace held many important posts in the service of the United States.

Besides "Ben Hur," of which a dramatic version had a great success a few years ago both in this country and in America, he wrote several other books, but none of these won anything like the same popularity. "Ben Hur" sold in hundreds of thousands. It was one of the most widely-read books of the age.

General Lew Wallace was a rugged, fine old soldier, filled with the narrow but secure New England piety which inspired his Puritan ancestors. As one looked at his keen, deep-set eyes, rugged eyebrows, and firm, strong mouth one felt that he stood for a type of soldier and statesman which is fast disappearing from America.

MISS BLANCHE ESMONDE,



Who sings three famous songs of the Carmelite Music series at the Queen's Hall Karcey Concert to-night.

weighing every word. "I know what you are going to say, and it is quite natural that you should want to know. I can't tell you how I admired you for asking no questions at the time. You want to know why it was that Joan did not marry Anthony Heron, the man who had met her in secret and won her heart by stealth. I will tell you what I can. I know that any woman will tell you to marry him, and in England might be proud to marry him, and any mother would willingly give her daughter to him. That is what the world sees. But I know something that the world does not know, and I would rather see my daughter dead at my feet than married to him. That is all I can tell you, Harry."

She spoke with a superb assumption of dignity; but she eyed the young man narrowly. She watched with a sure, swift gaze for his face to betray his feelings, how her words affected him, whether he guessed faintly at the truth. But he only looked perplexed. Evidently the intelligence suggested nothing to him but a well-kept secret.

"Thank you, Mrs. Tempest," he said. "It is all so very mysterious. You will forgive my asking. It is because Joan is the most important person in the world to me, and she told me she cared for him."

"She's a child," said Vanna harshly, "and he is a man with all the wiles of the world at his fingers' tips."

Something else occurred to the young man, and his face grew more perplexed than ever.

"Forgive me, Mrs. Tempest, it is not mere curiosity. It means so much to me. You told me you had not met Anthony Heron."

"I had forgotten," she answered curtly. "I only met him casually; and this knowledge that I possessed was a secret."

"And Joan will never marry him?"

"Never—never; not if he were the last man on earth."

WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING TO-DAY.

The Sentimental Education.

In France we are taught to read and reflect about love at college before we know what love is. When we fall in love we therefore know exactly what our sensations are going to be.—"Gil Blas" (Paris).

An Englishwoman on Englishmen.

The foreigner may not be sincere, but he thoroughly understands women, and knows how to play on feminine susceptibilities. The Englishman is sincere, but he frequently makes us want to box his ears.—"Ladies' Field."

Japanese Spirit.

We rejoice when the relations between Great Britain and Russia improve. We want to fight Russia single-handed. She will then be unable to say that he was whipped because we were aided by our ally.—"Yorodzu" (Tokio).

Why, Indeed?

The distressing thing about the American tourist is that he must proclaim, as he wanders in Seville or Madrid, his conviction that New York and Chicago are superior to our "effete" cities. Why, if that be so, does he ever come away from America?—"Epoca" (Madrid).

The Science of Dreams.

The reproduction of certain impressions in dreams is sometimes so regular that scientists can predict the appearance of certain dreams at certain times. One scientist always dreams that he is flying twenty-three days after he has been skating.—"Nachrichten" (Hamburg).

A Voice in the Wilderness.

The pleasure of sport, luxuriously pursued nowadays, confers no counterbalancing hardness on men's frames, but a hard and coarse spirit shut within the stunted body of the savage. In the immense and needless suffering inflicted on the creation of our ruling classes take a cold and sinister delight.—"Omnia," on the Morals of Sport in "Broad Views."

ILLUSTRATION'S INFLUENCE.

American Divine Says Picture Papers Help
the Moral Education of the Masses.

A well-known American clergyman, the Rev. Dr. F. H. Stuart, of Brooklyn, has been sounding the praises of illustrated newspapers as a force in moral education.

Speaking at a meeting of the men's club attached to the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, Dr. Stuart said that the really up-to-date, modern newspapers reached the great mass of their readers quite as much through the eye—as by means of illustrations—as through the mind to which their reading matter appealed.

He accorded the newspaper a high place in the moral education of the people, and said he saw a steady improvement in the quality of the pictorial part of the Press, which was a sign of hopefulness. Dr. Stuart also expressed a wish that the best of the Brooklyn papers could see its way to lower its price from 13d. to 10d., so as to give the great mass of people the benefit of its illustrated news.

"Mrs. Tempest!" The Duke had risen to his feet as well. His eyes were half-closed; he was evidently lost in thought; he was uprooting memories from the past. "Had this secret anything to do with that time when Heron went away on that long trip?"

"I had," she said briefly. "Don't let's say anything more about it, Harry. It's all over and done with. I have told you, Joan is a child—she will forget; she has forgotten."

She turned and faced him, and she met eyes wide and filled with a sudden enlightenment, eyes to which recognition had come at last.

"It was you!" he cried. "I remember—I can see you now. That morning on Hindhead—the car—Heron getting into his coat—you sitting inside. And he introduced me to you—Mrs. Tempest—I can hear him now—and you smiled—my God, Joan has your smile! Why did I never remember? And then you drove away. A few days later I chaffed him about you, and he shut me up sharply, and called me an ass! Oh, I see it all—you and Heron—and he went away—and now, Joan! Oh, it's horrible!"

The shock of his recognition was overwhelming. His face worked with strong emotion. The thing seemed hideous. His clean, wholesome mind revolted against the tragedy. And he had been drawn into it; he had witnessed that moment when this woman had learned that the man her daughter had given her heart to in secret was the man who had been her lover in the past. It was clear to him now. It could mean nothing else.

He could think of nothing but that he wanted to get out of the house. He was shocked and nauseated. He forgot that it was blind Fate that had been working, that the mother had no doubt suffered, and that the girl was innocent. He only remembered that he had wanted to marry the girl—the girl who had made the third side in that mon-

(Continued on page 13)

A WOMAN IN THE PILLORY.

Everybody knows that the stocks and the pillory and the whipping-post and the cucking-stool have been practically abolished, put out of use, in England for ever so many years. Yet only recently a London business firm received from Kidderminster a letter in which occurs this peculiar sentence:—"To bend a limb was like breaking a joint, and I used to sit with my feet straight out, afraid to move."

That sounds very like a complaint of one who had been a long time locked up in the stocks. "It was summer-time and I used to be led out to sit in the sunlight, where I had to remain until some one came to take me home again," is the next sentence. These sad-sounding phrases are taken from a written statement made by Mrs. Margaret Susanna Price, a widow, living at 11, Rock-terrace, Bewdley-street, Kidderminster, on November 1, 1904. The two sentences quoted give only a glimpse of what she endured. She was not in the old-fashioned stocks but she was in the pillory—in the pillory of disease, suffering from a complication of acute rheumatism, dropsy, and indigestion, or general stomach troubles. She was eighteen months, she says, in this pillory of affliction, and when doctors had failed to relieve her, and she was "given up as incurable," she turned for aid to a remedy that her own mother had used years before—the well-known, long-tried Mother Seigel's Syrup. The illness, which she describes in great detail, and which included sick headaches, dizziness, loss of appetite, nervous irritation, and severe constipation, seized her three years ago. "For many years," she says, "I had suffered from time to time with rheumatism, but from this attack I never expected to recover. It came on with loss of appetite and pains in the stomach after eating. The constipation, the dizziness, the frequent and violent sick headaches and the nervousness made me feel as though I was going mad; but the rheumatism was the grand affliction! And it grew worse daily until the pain penetrated every part of my body."

It was then that she had to be helped in and out of doors, like an infant or a cripple, to sit in the sunlight. "After using only two bottles of your wonderful remedy, Mother Seigel's Syrup, I was able to get up and dress without assistance. I steadily improved then, and when I had taken only five bottles of the Syrup I found myself completely restored to health and as well as I ever was in my life." The whole statement was affirmed on November 1 before George W. Weston, a Commissioner for Oaths, at Kidderminster.

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Send for a free sample bottle (enclosing 4d. for postage and mentioning this paper) to Scott & Bowne, Ltd., 10-11, Stonecutter St., London, E.C.

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BELINDA'S SISTER JOINS HER IN THE QUEST FOR BEAUTY—THE NEW HAT.

THE CULT OF COMELINESS.

NO MORE "A RAG, A BONE, AND A HANK OF HAIR."

Part III.

A fortnight had elapsed since Belinda's arrival as a visitor under Mrs. Templer's own roof, and so far she had to confess that her experiences were altogether pleasant. With the zest of the new convert she had begun to enter enthusiastically into the search for beauty, and a critical survey into her mirror convinced her that her skin was losing much of its rough texture, and was acquiring a welcome smoothness and satin-like gloss.

Cold Cream for Cutting Winds.

As the winds were somewhat cutting, Mrs. Templer insisted on Belinda always wearing a gauze veil during her two hours daily constitutional, and would never allow her to go out unless she had previously rubbed cold cream over her face. When she returned from her walk she was made to bathe her face with an astringent lotion composed of elder-flower water and simple tincture of benzoin.

"This will keep wrinkles and lines from your face," said Mrs. Templer, "and as you will need a fairly large quantity I am mixing it for you in the proportion of one quart of elder-flower water to one ounce of simple tincture of benzoin. The elder-flower water must be added drop by drop to the tincture in order to produce an opalescent fluid which should retain its freshness for months."

A Recipe for Men's Complexions.

"It makes my face feel delightfully fresh," said Belinda, gently dabbing her face with a piece of cotton-wool steeped in the lotion. "Is this good for everyone's skin?"

"Not for people with ultra-sensitive skins, as the benzoin might prove too irritating," replied Mrs. Templer. "But, generally speaking, both men and women will find this one of the best lotions to keep the skin smooth and clear, and to prevent the early formation of wrinkles."

A Disappointed Woman.

A few days later Belinda's eldest sister came to pay a call on Mrs. Templer. Julia, who had attained the age of twenty-five years, was suffering from depression of spirits caused by the fact that she was still unmarried, and a foolish brooding over this sorrow had brought a worried look to her face, and seemed to have accentuated the somewhat angular lines of her figure.

"Julia, don't be a goose," said Mrs. Templer, when Julia began to bemoan the unhappy fact that she was "now on the shelf," and that no happiness in life was possible for her. "You have got into a nervous and depressed condition by simply concentrating your mind on one thought. I insist upon your driving this idea out of your mind and forgetting this silly nonsense. What you really need is fresh air, exercise, and fattening food." "Oh!" said Julia in a disgusted tone. "As if food could cure my grief!"

Food for Thin Folks.

"It could cure you of these morbid tendencies, and I am going to take you in hand as well as Belinda," said Mrs. Templer. "To put it plainly, Belinda is too fat and you are too thin. Now I have already forbidden Belinda to eat sweets and starchy food, and to practise exercises night and morning, but for you I prescribe the following diet: Every morning, sip a glass of hot milk very slowly,

and eat an apple. For breakfast, drink cocoa made with milk, and eat some toast soaked in hot bacon fat."

"Horrible!" ejaculated Julia, while Belinda looked as though the diet was precisely one she fancied for herself.

"This is a splendid thing for nervous, morbid women who suffer from neuralgia," said Mrs. Templer firmly, "and I insist on you trying it. For lunch you may have a cutlet with potatoes, followed by cheese, biscuits and butter, and another apple stewed in olive oil; while your dinner may consist of fish, meat, and sweets. I must also tell you that you are to take two teaspoonsful of olive oil a day, and if you cannot drink it you must stew fruit in it and swallow it that way."

"But I shall get so dreadfully fat," said Julia, whose thin, sunken cheeks quite deprived her of almost any claim to beauty.

[To be continued. The first of this group of articles appeared in the "Daily Mirror" of February 1, and the second in the issue of February 7.]



in the adjoining picture is shown a toilette for the spring made of wood-violet, cashmere, trimmed with velvet appliques of a darker shade. The way in which the hat is worn epitomises the latest millinery mode. It is composed of mauve straw, and is supported at the correct angle by huge masses of violets built up behind the brim.

A JEWEL BOX.

NEW SETTINGS FOR LOVELY GEMS.

The jewellery of this season shows several marked changes, and among them is noticeable the extra size fashion decrees for rings. From Paris comes the new marquise ring, which is at least two inches in length, and must certainly be worn with some discomfort.

Although this setting is one of the favourites, it is surpassed in favour by the oval cut ruby, sapphire, or emerald, surrounded by brilliants. The single brilliant is not so popular unless it has some distinction of shading or colour-tone; for example, it may be a black, a blue, or a canary-coloured stone. Pearls are still hugely in favour. A new ring shows a large pearl with no apparent setting. Some of the pearls are almost spherical in shape; and sapphires, rubies, emeralds, opals, and amethysts are set in the same way. Pearls set in this fashion are

seen in all colours—in grey, mauve, and pink, as well as in white of different shades, and many of the gems measure three-quarters of an inch in diameter. New earrings are made of large pearls of almost buff shade, while necklaces and pendants have never been seen in greater variety.

Pearls in a simple string are usurping the place of the collar or rivière, and one row of pearls well matched is more coveted than several ill-assorted rows. Necklaces of opal beads are also much in fashion, and are mostly separated by flattened beads of crystals. Hungarian opals are always much prized, but the Mexican variety is more effective. They are recognised by the extra showing of red in their rainbow tints.

Fruit in Diamonds.

The present modes in diamond necklace require exceptionally skilled workmanship. Some of them are made like fruit and flowers; in one, the motifs being oak-leaves and acorns. Small diamonds are used to depict the most delicate tracery of the design. A pretty novelty is a necklace composed of three tiers of festoons from which five small deep-shaped pendants fall. Red gold is the metal used for this lovely tirole.

Small watches not much larger than a shilling and as thin as a locket are very modish. They are worn suspended from a fine chain of gold. Pendants of every description are greatly in favour. They may be of antique design, jewelled or in the most modern setting. A beautiful diamond pendant is triangular in shape, formed by a cluster of flowers, with leaves at the base and buds at the apex. Decorations of small, flat-surfaced stones not exceeding one month of an inch in width are now much affected by the smartest jewellers.

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"During three of the six years I was so badly off that nervous prostration set in and I sought relief of a specialist without success. I had gotten so that I could eat almost nothing and was steadily losing flesh at the rate of about three pounds a month."

"Many different foods and preparations were recommended for a trial by as many different doctors, without success, and I had become indifferent to all food stuffs."

"Some months after seeing your advertisement in the daily papers about the scientifically-prepared food Grape-Nuts and its good qualities, and being driven almost to despair over my plight, I sceptically resolved to give Grape-Nuts a trial as a last resort. And I thank God that I did. From my first meal of Grape-Nuts I felt a great change for the better; the knots that arose in my chest after meals disappeared, stomach ceased its uneasiness, and gradually the nervousness disappeared. For about a year I ate Grape-Nuts and cream three times a day, and on that alone I have regained 54lbs. of lost weight and weigh five pounds more than I ever did, and now do not find any trouble in using my old-time relishes with my Grape-Nuts."

"I expect to be married soon, and I do not expect Grape-Nuts to be eliminated from my bill of fare as long as I live. If my testimony will help some poor mortal place my letter conspicuously where it can be read. I will gladly answer letters." Name given by Grape-Nuts Co., 66, Shoe-lane, E.C.

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A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 11.)

strous triangle, the girl, so white, so wonderful, with her great, grave eyes, who yet must know that such things can be. He could not see her again; he could not look her in the face.

Before Vanna knew what he was doing, he had rushed out of the room, pulled on his cap and struggled into his coat, opened the front door, and signed to the chauffeur to start the engines of the car. The luggage was already strapped into the tonneau.

Without once looking back, the young man drove away from Little Broomfield.

Joan came down and found her mother standing by the window in the dining-room, white, and trembling from head to foot.

"Where is Harry?" the girl asked. "I thought I heard the car."

"He has gone."

"Come—without saying good-bye! Why, mother, what is the matter?"

"The matter is that he rushed away like a raving lunatic, and that you will never see him again."

"Was he angry, mother? But I am afraid it was your fault. Why did you say in your letter that it was possible I might change my mind? I told you I never would. It was not fair to him. Do you want to get rid of me so badly, mother?"

Vanna turned on the girl like a whirlwind. Her eyes shone with their old insane fury.

"Hold your tongue!" she cried. "How dare you question what I say? You needn't talk about changing your mind any more, you fool! You'll have no more chance! Why didn't you marry him when you could? Why have you thrown away what all the London drawing-rooms are scrambling for? Who are you, a mere nobody, that you should throw away a duke's son as if it were dirt? But you've done for yourself and for me. This is the end. We shall have to live like this all our lives—always, do you hear, and not in a nice house like this, that is lent to us out of charity! We shall have to live in a poky cottage on nothing, scraping and saving, never seeing a soul, without any change, without any friends, any amusements, without a rag to put on our backs! And all through you! Why couldn't you be sensible, instead of pretending to be a saint, with a soul above money and above rank and above everything else that's of any use in the world? But you've done for yourself now—done for us both, my lady! Harry St. Peter's would no more marry you now than he would marry a rag-pick, or one of the flower-girls at the Madeleine! You will never see his face again!"

Joan stood quite silent. The shock of this sudden onslaught of furious words staggered her. Her face was deadly white; her eyes were dilated with the old misery and the old shame. Her mother's outbursts of temper always had the same effect on her; only this time she was so unprepared. For nearly four years now she had not seen her mother

lose control of herself, except on that day when Vanna had learned the truth about Anthony Heron. "Can't you speak?" cried her mother. "I suppose you've satisfied now that you've ruined our chances for ever. I can't think how I can be the mother of such a fool!"

Joan recoiled from the violent words as if they had been blows. She could say nothing; she could only grow cold and hot with horror and shame. Her mother changed utterly when she yielded to these moods. It seemed as if she hated the girl.

Joan had believed that these terrible scenes would never occur again. She had thought that through bitter sorrow she had really won her mother's confidence, and that they had drawn so closely together that nothing could ever part them again. It had been her consolation in all the darkness that, uncomprehending, she had lived through.

But now, almost immediately after their return to England, and to the old conditions of life, she saw cold fury gleaming in her mother's eyes. And in a moment that hard-won confidence vanished, the warm, impulsive, heart-whole loyalty, that could never be shattered, was clouded over by the absolute impossibility on the girl's part to understand her mother's mind.

Straightway a great gulf yawned between them again; and possibly all that happened afterwards was the result of that moment's madness in which Vanna Tempest once more brought confusion to her daughter's heart.

(To be continued.)

SHANNON LASS AGAIN DEFEATED.

Hallick Wins Three Races at Windsor Steeplechases.

RICKABY GETS HIS LICENCE.

Threatening as the morning looked at times, the afternoon turned out beautifully fine, and visitors to Windsor yesterday had weather as bright and mild as on the most genial day in advanced spring. There again a large attendance, and the programme yielded excellent sport.

Hallick, the Lambourne trainer, had a good innings, horses from his stable winning no fewer than three races, among them the Royal Handicap Steeplechase, which was the most important on the card. In this chase appeared the Grand National winner, Shannon Lass, and her presence invested it with great interest. This beautiful mare had been sent at Kempton Park when defeated by Leicester a few days since, and was now expected to make a better show.

Shannon Lass yet appeared far from fit, and her chance was lightly esteemed compared to that held by Dathi. Only 4lb. separated the pair in this encounter, but Dathi received four pounds more than Shannon Lass in the forthcoming Grand National. Shannon Lass fenced badly, particularly at the water and at the ditch, and cut rather an inglorious figure. Dathi fenced well, but was kept lagging in the rear, while Snowden and Glenely were fighting in the forefront.

Dathi apparently had no steam left in the last half mile, and Glenely, who is only a five-year-old, beat Snowden very decisively, the latter having done ten lengths still further than he did in six weeks in which to improve Shannon Lass, but yesterday's form is not at all suggestive of a capacity to repeat the victory of 1902.

The Chief was a better favourite than Talus for the Foremost Steeplechase, and made a very moderate show. Prince Talleyrand came down four fences from home, the jockey fortunately quickly recovering his feet. The finish rested between Percidus and Talus, and the latter had had some work in the market towards the close from 6 to 1. Some bumping took place in the run-in, and an objection followed upon the respective riders. The result of the inquiry did not work out as expected by the majority, the stewards awarding the race to Percidus.

Ernest Day, the Royston trainer, has struck an unlucky vein lately, but in the Thursday Hurdle he had hopes of sending out a winner in Sherry Cobbler. These hopes appeared to be well founded during the race, as approaching the last hurdle Matthews was riding very comfortably. But rising the last obstacle, Sherry Cobbler was interfered with, and Silver Tyne and Little Fitz drew away together, Fitton, on the last named, beating the amateur by a head.

Seldom do National Hunt races produce so much speculation as that seen in the Bridge Selling Flat. It was a close thing, and the excellent start and pace—George Fordham, Little Brown Mouse, and Albion, the first named having slightly the best of it at the finish. The result, however, was a complete victory for Little Brown Mouse in the hands of Mr. A. Gordon.

The stewards of the Jockey Club have granted P. Rickaby's application for a riding licence, and the action of the Turf Senate will be generally approved by sportsmen. Rickaby's licence was withdrawn in 1902, although last year he was granted an excellent start and pace—George Fordham, Little Brown Mouse, and Albion, the first named having slightly the best of it at the finish. The result, however, was a complete victory for Little Brown Mouse in the hands of Mr. A. Gordon.

Rickaby rode his first winner in 1883—Fircball, who started at 33 to 1. There were thirteen runners, when Pomey (Archer) was favourite, and finished second. Thus Rickaby made an excellent start, and secured plenty of riding. He rode The Rejected to victory in the Lincolnshire Handicap and Mimi in the One Thousand Guineas, and in the latter race he was on Sirenia, when she beat Merry Methodist, Royal Rush, and seventeen others in the Great Jubilee Handicap at Kempton in 1893.

With their customary enterprise, the Sandown Park management have arranged an excellent card for the first Spring Meeting, and some good class sport should be witnessed. Capital entries have been received, and much interest will be taken in the racing at the Windsor Steeplechase, which will be contested by several aspirants to Grand National honours.

SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

- 1.30—Village Hurdle—HIGHWAY.
2.0—Prince of Wales Steeplechase—THE FARMER.
2.30—Cardinal's Hurdle—HONEYDEW II.
3.0—Mole Steeplechase—THE CROWN II.
3.30—Selling Steeplechase—SHEERNESS.
4.0—February Hurdle—DRUMNIGH.

SPECIAL SELECTION.

DRUMNIGH. GREY ERIARS.

PLACED HORSES AND PRICES AT WINDSOR.

- 1.30—CLAREMONT HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE. Two miles and 100 yards. 7 ran.
1—PERDICUS, aged, 11st 1lb. Owner 10 to 1
2—BALLYCOORA, aged, 10st 10lb. 10 to 1
3—THE CHIEF, aged, 12st 4lb. 6 to 1
4—THE FARMER, aged, 11st 10lb. 11 to 4
(Winner trained by Gully.)
2.0—THURSDAY SELLING HANDICAP HURDLE RACE. Two miles, 10 ran.
1—LITTLE FITZ, aged, 11st 10lb. 4 to 1
2—SILVER TYNE, aged, 11st 10lb. 4 to 1
3—SHEERNESS, aged, 10st 10lb. 11 to 2
4—ETHELWOLF, aged, 10st 6lb. 10 to 1
(Winner trained by F. Fitton.)
2.30—ROYAL HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE. Three miles.
1—GLENELY, aged, 11st 10lb. 4 to 1
2—SNOWDEN, aged, 10st 10lb. 4 to 1
3—BATHY, aged, 11st 10lb. 10 to 8
4—THE CROWN II, aged, 11st 10lb. 10 to 8
(Winner trained by Hallick.)

- 3.0—BRIDGE SELLING NATIONAL HUNT FLAT RACE. 5 ran.
1—LITTLE BROWN MOUSE, aged, 12st 10lb. 9 to 4
2—GEORGE FORDHAM, aged, 12st 10lb. 9 to 4
3—ALBION, aged, 12st 10lb. 9 to 4
(Winner trained by Gordon.)
3.30—BURNHAM STEEPLECHASE. Two miles and 100 yards.
1—BLITHESOME, aged, 12st 4lb. 6 to 1
2—SHEMUS DHUV, aged, 10st 10lb. 10 to 1
3—SEA GAL, aged, 10st 10lb. 10 to 1
(Winner trained by Hallick.)
4.0—STAINES HANDICAP HURDLE RACE. 8 ran.
1—LORD BRAND, aged, 11st 10lb. 6 to 1
2—BATHER WARM, aged, 10st 10lb. 10 to 1
3—KARRI, aged, 11st 10lb. 10 to 1
(Winner trained by Hallick.)

TO-DAY'S PROGRAMME.

SANDOWN PARK.

- 1.30—VILLAGE SELLING HURDLE RACE OF 100 sovs; winner to be sold for 80 sovs. Two miles.
1—Highway, aged, 11st 10lb. 5 to 1
2—Maori Queen II, aged, 11st 10lb. 5 to 1
3—Dolphin II, aged, 11st 10lb. 5 to 1
4—Wolf, aged, 11st 10lb. 5 to 1
5—Atrocious, aged, 11st 10lb. 5 to 1
6—Rumsey, aged, 11st 10lb. 5 to 1
7—LORD BRAND, aged, 11st 10lb. 5 to 1
8—BATHER WARM, aged, 11st 10lb. 5 to 1
9—KARRI, aged, 11st 10lb. 5 to 1
(Winner trained by Hallick.)
2.0—PRINCE OF WALES STEEPLECHASE (Handicap) of 200 sovs. About three miles and a half.
1—Mofia, aged, 12st 4lb. 6 to 1
2—The Farmer, aged, 11st 10lb. 10 to 1
3—Glenely, aged, 11st 10lb. 10 to 1
4—Liberty, aged, 11st 10lb. 10 to 1
5—Drumknigh, aged, 11st 10lb. 10 to 1
6—Prince Talleyrand, aged, 11st 10lb. 10 to 1
7—Kilgus, aged, 11st 10lb. 10 to 1
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— those formerly sold at four times the price! —**

HOW CAN WE DO IT?

We are the Pioneers of Low Prices. Five years ago we amazed the Cycling World by offering excellent Machines at £4 19s. 9d. Dealers all said we could not do it—that we would lose money, etc. Nevertheless, we sold many thousands, and have continued as leading Cycle suppliers.

We have made contracts with manufacturers for the various parts—frames, wheels, tyres, handle-bars, etc., and these parts are assembled into complete and excellent Bicycles in our own factories. We do not have heavy debentures or fancy dividends to meet. We are not spending thousands of pounds in experimenting upon motor-car building at the expense of our cycle works. We are content with an average of one shilling profit upon every Cycle that we sell, because we know that every satisfied customer will buy other goods of us, and will also recommend his or her friends. Thus we offer to-day a really excellent, guaranteed Bicycle at the marvellously low price of £2 19s. 9d. A front rim brake and free wheel will be added at 7s. 3d. Lamp, 2s. 6d.; Inflator and Tool Bag, 2s.; Mudguards, 1s. 3d.

Ladies' Model. Yes, we will supply this cycle in ladies' model without extra charge if taken with a gent's machine, or at 3s. 6d. extra if bought separately.

We know that our 1905 Standard Cycle will give such unbounded satisfaction that we will take it back and refund every farthing of the money if, after a week's trial, it is not found to be perfectly satisfactory. Therefore you take no risk. We are a large concern, with ample capital, and our assurances may be absolutely relied upon. We will deal with you as honourably by post as if you call.

YOU MUST SEND YOUR ORDER IMMEDIATELY.

We make these Cycles for our Customers, and orders are already being booked rapidly. Send your remittance at once, in accordance with above prices, and your machine will be delivered as promptly as possible. If, however, you cannot spare the full price now, send a booking fee of five shillings, which

£2 : 19 : 9

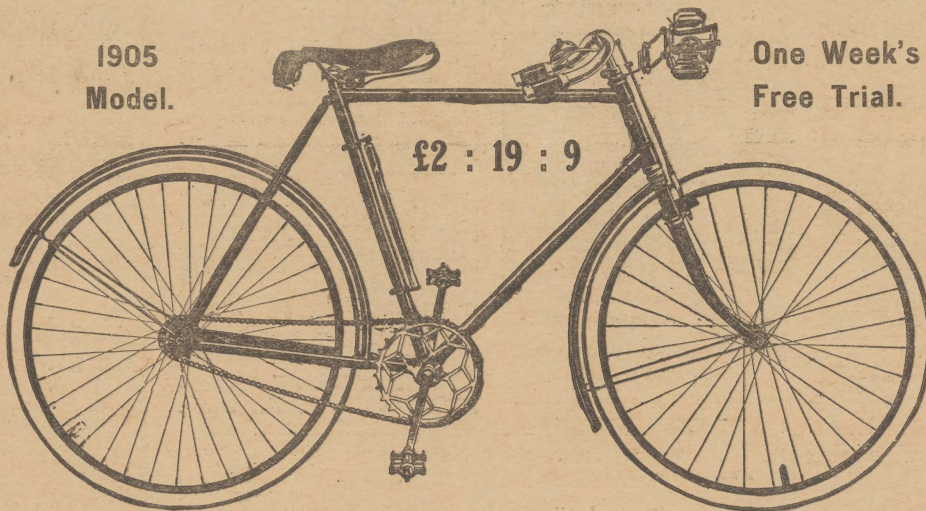
**1905
Model.**

**One Week's
Free Trial.**

£2 : 19 : 9

**MONEY
Refunding
OFFER.**

£2 : 19 : 9



£2 : 19 : 9

**MONEY
Refunding
OFFER.**

£2 : 19 : 9

READ WHAT WE ACTUALLY GUARANTEE.

We guarantee that each 1905 Model Standard Cycle is well constructed of cold drawn weldless steel tubing, joints properly reinforced, forks of finest drop forged steel, sound and reliable hubs, bearings turned from selected tool steel, well-constructed chain, extra quality pneumatic tyres, James' model rims, stoved enamelling finely burnished, rat-trap pedals, Shelby steel handle-bars, with practical cork grips and neatly tipped ferrules. Good saddle, seat post of latest Stanley Show pattern, balls carefully tested, accurate and true to gauge of a 2,000th part of an inch. The Standard Cycle is in all respects a good machine, and we have supplied many thousands with great satisfaction to riders in the United Kingdom and Colonies.

Dealers in Bicycles, Agents, Club Secretaries, and others can make large profits handling our cycles. We can make no discount, however, the price, £2 19s. 9d., being our lowest figure.

will insure your cycle being made for you in turn, and you can pay for same in easy weekly payments according to our system. No guarantor or references will be required.

OUR OFFERS ARE ABSOLUTELY UNSURPASSED!

We defy any other manufacturer or dealer in the United Kingdom to meet our offers. We know we stand alone, and **WHAT WE SAY WE DO, WE DO DO!**

CORRESPONDENCE CHEERFULLY ANSWERED.

We will be pleased to answer any letters of inquiry, but plainly point out that every day of delay in ordering may mean considerable delay in delivery. Better send booking fee (5 shillings) by next post if you cannot forward full amount. Then, if you do not choose to go on with the transaction, the booking fee will be refunded. **ADDRESS—**

**SYMONDS' LONDON STORES, LIMITED,
124-128, City Road, E.C., London.**

Telephone: 2424 London Wall.

Telegrams: Veloces, London.

Open until 9 p.m. daily.

